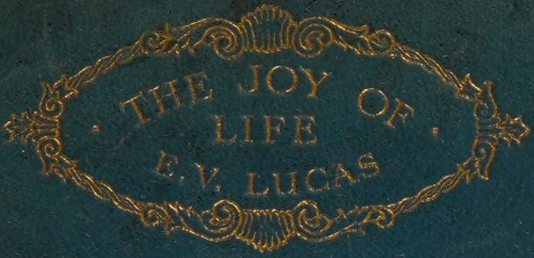
THE JOY OF LIFE
E. V. LUCAS

Philip Alden Court
Feb: 15. 1939
M.E.

THE JOY OF LIFE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF LYRICS DRAWN CHIEFLY FROM THE WORKS OF LIVING POETS

BY

E. V. LUCAS

The message of the gods is this :
" Where'er you find it, seize your bliss."

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LEISURE

WHAT is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like stars at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

W. H. DAVIES

ADVENTURE

Sun and wind and beat of sea,
Great lands stretching endlessly . . .
Where be bonds to bind the free?
All the world was made for me!

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

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CREDO

AWAY with funeral music, set
The pipe to powerful lips—
The cup of life's for him that drinks
And not for him that sips.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

PRELUDE

"WHEN EVA KISSED MARY"

When Eva kissed Mary,
The whole earth was glad,
The little birds sang
For the joy that they had.
Her sins were forgiven
At Christ's happy birth;
"There's hope for me now, dears,"
Said old Mother Earth.
Sing Eva, sing Ave,
With old Mother Earth.

When Mary kissed Eva
The whole earth was fair,
There were flowers in the grass,
There were songs in the air.
Her sons were restored her
At Christ's happy birth;
"There's joy for me now, dears,"
Said old Mother Earth.
Sing Eva, sing Ave,
With old Mother Earth.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

ENGLAND

A CHARM

Take of English earth as much
As either hand may rightly clutch.
In the taking of it breathe
Prayer for all who lie beneath.
Not the great nor well-bespoke,
But the mere uncounted folk
Of whose life and death is none
Report or lamentation.
  Lay that earth upon thy heart,
  And thy sickness shall depart!

It shall sweeten and make whole
Fevered breath and festered soul.
It shall mightily restrain
Over-busied hand and brain.
It shall ease thy mortal strife
'Gainst the immortal woe of life,
Till thyself, restored, shall prove
By what grace the Heavens do move.

Take of English flowers these—
Spring's full-facèd primroses,
Summer's wild wide-hearted rose,
Autumn's wall-flower of the close,
And, thy darkness to illume,
Winter's bee-thronged ivy-bloom.
Seek and serve them where they bide
From Candlemas to Christmas-tide,
  For these simples, used aright,
  Can restore a failing sight.

These shall cleanse and purify
Webbed and inward-turning eye ;
These shall show thee treasure hid,
Thy familiar fields amid ;
And reveal (which is thy need)
Every man a King indeed !

RUDYARD KIPLING

A THREE-PART SONG

I'm just in love with all these three,
The Weald and the Marsh and the Down countree.
Nor I don't know which I love the most,
The Weald or the Marsh or the white Chalk coast !

I've buried my heart in a ferny hill,
Twix' a liddle low shaw an' a great high gill.
Oh hop-bine yaller an' wood-smoke blue,
I reckon you'll keep her middling true !

I've loosed my mind for to out and run
On a Marsh that was old when Kings begun.
Oh Romney Level and Brenzett reeds,
I reckon you know what my mind needs !

I've given my soul to the Southdown grass,
And sheep-bells tinkled where you pass.
Oh Firle an' Ditchling an' sails at sea,
I reckon you keep my soul for me !

RUDYARD KIPLING

TRAVELLERS' JOY

We know, my James, that none can feel,
Who urge the space-devouring wheel,
A tithe of our remembered joys
In country tramps when we were boys;
When in those careless fleeting vacs.
We'd soap our socks and sling our packs
And take the highway, toe and heel.

Boon April flashed a rainbow shower
On bluebell-copse or hawthorn-bower;
September smouldered out its fires
On harvest fields in sunburnt shires;
And still the jolly miles unrolled,
An easy thirty, fairly told,
'Twixt breakfast-pipe and closing-hour.

And if we argued lofty themes,
Or headered into purling streams,
Or lunched at Lions, Stars and Crowns
On market-days in little towns,
Or couched in hazel-shaws to hark
The nightingale enchant the dark,
All went as smooth and light as dreams.

Well, though that's forty years gone by,
Once more we'll beat it, you and I;
And if this petrol-buzzing mode
Hoots off old stagers from the road,
We'll manage yet, by stile and lane,
To measure ten stout miles again
Of quiet earth and brooding sky.

Something we'll miss that fired our veins ?
Ah, well, let's reckon what remains,
To call an easy, lean our backs
On sunny sides of faggot-stacks ;
From Newland's Corner as of old
To see dear Surrey, fold on fold,
Sweep sunward, dim Elysian plains.

Or if from Caburn's height we choose
To mark sedately-winding Ouse,
By standing hill and sliding stream
We'll swear that Time is just a dream ;
And while familiar tales we tell
Our souls shall own an ancient spell,
The blest oblivion of a snooze.

Last, at a gorgeous sunset's close,
When all the world's a mist of rose,
Look you, to crown the final stage,
Our best-remembered harbourage.
Lights glimmer from the friendly inn :
Come, Jimmy, once again to win
The valiant day, the rich repose !

G. FORRESTER SCOTT

THE OLD ROADS

You may talk of the joys of the open road
In your seventy horse-power limousine ;
But I doubt if it totes as merry a load
As one old horse in days that have been,
A nag in the shafts of a carrier's cart,
With a plank for a seat and a torn tilt over,
On roads that we leisurely got by heart
From Berwick-on-Tweed to Dover.

Making a start from the Blue Boar yard,
  Or getting a lift at Deadman's Gate,
When stars were paling and ruts rang hard,
  Or haytime flamed on the noonday bait ;
Under the tilt with the carrier's pipe
  And the cargo watched by his trusty terrier,
Callow younkers or patriarchs ripe
  We journeyed, the more the merrier.

I've jogged from Selsey to Chichester town
  With a freight of lobsters ocean-fragrant,
Fat red mullets and pandles brown,
  And for supercargo a breezy vagrant,
A gipsy Apollo with laughing eyes,
  Less apt to truth than the *ben trovato*,
Who varied his highway histories
  With a Jew's harp *obbligato*.

I fared from Appleby once on a day
  'Twixt a lad with his rod and a priest with his book,
Our Longmarton and Dufton way,
  And we talked of the water and what they took ;
Till the keeper got in, a minion of law,
  And we sheered off hackle and tag and feather ;
'Twas an Eden salmon under the straw
  That made us stick to the weather.

I've dawdled to Craven Arms from Clun,
  Squeezed between rabbits and whinberry frails,
A spaniel-pup and the keeper's gun,
  Butter and eggs and Her Majesty's mails ;
Down by the aspen-whispering streams,
  With a Shropshire lad at the reins to guide us,
Where Clunton dozes and Clunbury dreams
  And Ony twinkles beside us.

I've left Penzance on a dirty night
For the " First and Last " with a piebald pair,
And watched by the swinging lantern's light
A lass with the Cornish eyes and hair ;
We took her up at St. Buryan church
And put her down at St. Levan turning ;
She left me frozen there on my perch,
But my heart, my heart was burning !

G. FORRESTER SCOTT

THE MIDLANDS

Black in the summer night my Cotswold hill
Aslant my window sleeps, beneath a sky
Deep as the bedded violets that fill
March woods with dusky passion. As I lie
Abed between cool walls I watch the host
Of the slow stars lit over Gloucester plain,
And drowsily the habit of these most
Beloved of English lands moves in my brain,
While silence holds dominion of the dark,
Save when the foxes from the spinneys bark.

I see the valleys in their morning mist
Wreathed under limpid hills in moving light,
Happy with many a yeoman melodist :
I see the little roads of twinkling white
Busy with fieldward teams and market gear
Of rosy men, cloth-gaitered, who can tell
The many-minded changes of the year,
Who know why crops and kine fare ill or well ;
I see the sun persuade the mist away,
Till town and stead are shining to the day.

I see the wagons move along the rows
  Of ripe and summer-breathing clover-flower,
I see the lissom husbandman who knows
  Deep in his heart the beauty of his power,
As, lithely pitched, the full-heaped fork bids on
  The harvest home. I hear the rickyard fill
With gossip as in generations gone,
  While wagon follows wagon from the hill.
I think how, when our seasons all are sealed,
Shall come the unchanging harvest from the field.

I see the barns and comely manors planned
  By men who somehow moved in comely thought,
Who, with a simple shippon to their hand,
  As men upon some godlike business wrought;
I see the little cottages that keep
  Their beauty still where since Plantagenet
Have come the shepherds happily to sleep,
  Finding the loaves and cups of cider set;
I see the twisted shepherds, brown and old,
Driving at dusk their glimmering sheep to fold.

And now the valleys that upon the sun
  Broke from their opal veils, are veil'd again,
And the last light upon the wolds is done,
  And silence falls on flock and fields and men;
And black upon the night I watch my hill,
  And the stars shine, and there an owly wing
Brushes the night, and all again is still,
  And, from this land of worship that I sing,
I turn to sleep, content that from my sires
I draw the blood of England's midmost shires.

JOHN DRINKWATER

HAY HARVEST

I MET a man mowing
A meadow of hay;
So smoothly and flowing
His swathes fell away,
At break of the day
Up Hambleden way;
A yellow-eyed collie
Was guarding his coat—
Loose-limbed and lob-lolly,
But wise and remote;

The morning came leaping,—
'Twas five o' the clock,
The world was still sleeping
At Hambleden Lock,—
As sound as a rock
Slept village and Lock;
"Fine morning!" the man says,
And I says, "Fine day!"
Then I to my fancies
And he to his hay!

And lovely and quiet,
And lonely and chill,
Lay river and eyot,
And meadow and mill;—
I think of them still—
Mead, river, and mill;
For wasn't it jolly
With only us three—
The yellow-eyed collie,
The mower and me?

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

OAK AND OLIVE

I

Though I was born a Londoner,
And bred in Gloucestershire,
I walked in Hellas years ago
With friends in white attire :
And I remember how my soul
Drank wine as pure as fire.

And when I stand by Charing Cross
I can forget to hear
The crash of all those smoking wheels,
When those cold flutes and clear
Pipe with such fury down the street,
My hands grow moist with fear.

And there's a hall in Bloomsbury
No more I dare to tread,
For all the stone men shout at me
And swear they are not dead ;
And once I touched a broken girl
And knew that marble bled.

II

But when I walk in Athens town
That swims in dust and sun,
Perverse, I think of London then,
Where massive work is done,
And with what sweep at Westminster
The rayless waters run.

I ponder how from Attic seed
There grew an English tree,

How Byron like his heroes fell,
Fighting a country free,
And Swinburne took from Shelley's lips
The kiss of Poetry.

And while our poets chanted Pan
Back to his pipes and power,
Great Verrall, bending at his desk,
And searching hour on hour,
Found out old gardens, where the wise
May pluck a Spartan flower.

III

When I go down the Gloucester lanes
My friends are deaf and blind:
Fast as they turn their foolish eyes
The Maenads leap behind,
And when I hear the fire-winged feet,
They only hear the wind.

Have I not chased the fluting Pan
Through Cranham's sober trees?
Have I not sat on Painswick Hill
With a nymph upon my knees,
And she as rosy as the dawn,
And naked as the breeze?

IV

But when I lie in Grecian fields,
Smothered in asphodel,
Or climb the blue and barren hills,
Or sing in woods that smell
With such hot spices of the South
As mariners might sell—

Then my heart turns where no sun burns,
To lands of glittering rain,
To fields beneath low-clouded skies
New-widowed of their grain,
And Autumn leaves like blood and gold
That strew a Gloucester lane.

V

Oh, well I know sweet Hellas now,
And well I knew it then,
When I with starry lads walked out—
But ah, for home again!
Was I not bred in Gloucestershire,
One of the Englishmen!

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

A CLASSICAL CONTRAST

I HAVE (in bronze) a tiny
Adventuress of Greece,
A little laughing Phryne,
Upon my mantelpiece,
And when I see her smiling
Imagination strays
Once more in brave, beguiling,
Divine Athenian days!

Cool marble courts are ringing
As merry voices call,
Where girls are garland-stringing
For Springtime's festival;
In lanes of linkèd lightness
The roses rope, and flow
Blood-red upon the whiteness
Of chiselled Parian snow!

I have a pot of pewter,
  And when the firelight gleams
It too will turn transmuter
  Of commonplace to dreams.
Then, though the year's at ember
  Once more high June doth reign
And I in dreams remember,—
  And win the thing again!

On turf of headland thymy,
  Where brine-washed breezes strive,
I lay the subtle stymie,
  I drive the spanking drive;
I see the grey tides sleeping,
  I watch the grey gulls wheel,
Till through the dusk come creeping
  The lights of distant Deal!

O pewter and O Phryne,
  Since both of you may bring
Your visions blue and briny
  Or garlanded of Spring:
I welcome you together
  Upon my mantelpiece,
And love both magics, whether
  Of England or of Greece!

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

THE WEST COUNTREE

Now England is a fine countree,
  And finer there is none,
Under the pale white moon when she
Covers the earth with mystery
  Or under the broad bright sun.

And England is a wide countree
With many a place and shire
By lake, by lea, by land, by sea—
But the best of all is the West Countree:
The land of my desire.

Of the North Countree you hear them tell;
They say that it is grand.
I've climbed the rugged king Sca-Fell,
The gaunt Great Gable steep as hell;
The Cheshire dell, the North Sea swell,
The wild York moors—I know them well.
So I can understand.

The Midlands and the South Countree;
They say that they are good.
I've travelled far them all to see:
The London street, the Shropshire lea,
The Chilterns dark with many a tree,
The Wrekin, Sussex by the sea. . . .
So I have understood.

But finer far is the West Countree
Woo'd by the swift Atlantic
With winds instead of words, you see,
And great sweet splendid waves, you see,
As kisses fierce and frantic.

The land that is best is the land in the west,
By the western waters swirled,
With the red sweet stag of wild Exmoor
And the red heathed combes that slope to the shore,
The purple heather of old Dartmoor
And the silent splendour of lone Yes Tor,

The waters' meet at the great sea's door
Of Torridge and Tawe at Appledore,
The swift tempestuous ocean roar
On Westward Ho,—and oh, much more !—
The west best land in the world.

Now somebody came and said to me :
"You do not England know.
'Tis not this paltry little isle
With acres few and weather vile,
Ah no," they said, with pitying smile,
"That is not England. No ! "
But I'm tired of the British Empire
That stalks the whole world o'er,
The tiresome sun that never sets,
The crowing over fall'n De Wets
Like Prussian soldiers after Metz,
I've heard it all before.
Not the Empire, but this England
Is the one true land for me,
The homeland, kingland,
The land I see,
The best wherein is the ling-land—
The West Countree.

One thing I ask of Heaven :
A very little gold,
That I may go to Devon
And live there till I'm old.
And when my day is over
I pray that I may die
Near to the western clover,
Under the western sky,

Near the sound of waves that sunder,
  Of winds that triumph free,
And the tempest-note of thunder
  Of the trumpets of the sea,—
And all the holy wonder
  Of the blessèd West Countree.

GEOFFREY DENNIS

OXFORD

I CAME to Oxford in the light
  Of a spring-coloured afternoon ;
Some clouds were grey and some were white,
  And all were blown to such a tune
Of quiet rapture in the sky,
I laughed to see them laughing by.

I had been dreaming in the train
  With thoughts at random from my book ;
I looked, and read, and looked again,
  And suddenly to greet my look
Oxford shone up with every tower
Aspiring sweetly like a flower.

Home turn the feet of men that seek,
  And home the hearts of children turn,
And none can teach the hour to speak
  What every hour is free to learn ;
And all discover, late or soon,
Their golden Oxford afternoon.

GERALD GOULD

ALMA MATER

Know you her secret none can utter ?
Hers of the Book, the tripled Crown ?
Still on the spire the pigeons flutter,
Still by the gateway flits the gown ;
Still on the street, from corbel and gutter,
Faces of stone look down.

Faces of stone, and stonier faces—
Some from library windows wan
Forth on her gardens, her green spaces,
Peer and turn to their books anon.
Hence, my Muse, from the green oases
Gather the tent, begone !

Nay, should she by the pavement linger
Under the rooms where once she played,
Who from the feast would rise to fling her
One poor *sou* for her serenade ?
One short laugh for the antic finger
Thrumming a lute-string frayed ?

Once, my dear—but the world was young then—
Magdalen elms and Trinity limes—
Lissom the blades and the backs that swung then,
Eight good men in the good old times—
Careless we, and the chorus flung then
Under St. Mary's chimes !

Reins lay loose and the ways led random—
Christ Church meadow and Iffley track,
" Idleness horrid and dog-cart " (tandem),
Aylesbury grind and Bicester pack—
Pleasant our lines, and faith ! we scanned 'em ;
Having that artless knack.

Come, old limner, the times grow colder ;
  Leaves of the creeper redden and fall.
Was it a hand then clapped my shoulder ?—
  Only the wind by the chapel wall !
Dead leaves drift on the lute . . . So fold her
  Under the faded shawl.

Never we wince, though none deplore us,
  We who go reaping that we sowed ;
Cities at cockcrow wake before us—
  Hey, for the lilt of the London road !
One look back, and a rousing chorus !
  Never a palinode !

Still on her spire the pigeons hover ;
  Still by her gateway haunts the gown.
Ah, but her secret ? You, young lover,
  Drumming her old ones forth from town,
Know you the secret none discover ?
  Tell it—when *you* go down.

Yet if at length you seek her, prove her,
  Lean to her whispers never so nigh ;
Yet if at last not less her lover
  You in your hansom leave the High ;
Down from her towers a ray shall hover—
  Touch you, a passer-by.

ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH

SIGNS OF INNS

The Herald lives in cloister grey ;
  He lives by clerkly rules ;
He dreams in coats and colours gay,
  In *argent*, *or*, and *gules* ;

He blazons knightly shield and banner
In his monastic hall,
And in a grave and reverend manner
He earns his bread withal.

Were I a herald fair and fit
So featly for to limn
As though I'd learnt the lore of it
Among the seraphim,
I'd leave the schools to clerkly people
And walk, as dawn begins,
From steeple unto distant steeple,
And paint the signs of inns.

The Dragon, as I'd see him, is
A loving beast and long,
And oh, the *Goat and Compasses*,
'Twould fill my soul with song;
The Bell, *The Bull*, *The Rose and Rummer*,
Such themes should like me still
At Yule, or when the heart of Summer
Lies blue on vale and hill.

Let others' blazonry find place
Supported, scrolled with gold,
A glowing dignity and grace
On honoured walls and old;
And let it like wise be attended
In stately circumstance
With mottoes writ o' Latin splendid
Or courtly words of France;

But I would paint *The Golden Tun*
And others to my mind,
And mellow them in rain and sun,
And hang them on the wind;

And I would say, " My handcraft creaking
On this autumnal gale,
Unto all wayfarers is speaking
In praise of rest and ale."

Then bless the man who puts a sign
Above an open door,
And bless the hop, root, leaf, and vine,
And bless the Lord therefor ;
And bless the Unicorn and Lion
That keep the King his crown,
And may we reach the inn of Zion
The day our signs come down !

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

THE LITTLE PLACES

When our teens were gone a-maying,
And the world was meant for playing,
We'd have just as soon be straying
From the old familiar ways :
Heard the call of wider spaces,
Fresher faces, hotter paces,
Lightlied all the little places,
Funny names of other days :

Ocle Pychard, Pipe-cum-Lyde,
Moccas, Mamble, Owlpen, Ide,
Little Marcle and Clehonger,
Brilly, where the days were longer,
Quatt, defying time and tide.

But when once we got our orders,
Voyaged, and enlarged our borders,
Faithfullest of all recorders,
Back the exile fancy veers ;

Back from veldt and bush and prairie,
Dismal swamp or mountain eyrie,
Back to heavens that mock their Peri,
Quiet names of early years.

Hall o' the Forest, Mardy Lane,
Leasty, Leasowes, Lina Vaen,
Lone Brynsquilva, lost Trelerney,
Leintwardine that breaks the journey
Ludlow-wards and home again.

Foreign parts our fancy painted,
Now we're all too well acquainted,
Answer to those names unsainted
-ville and -bad and -stad and -pore;
But the heart on mail-days blesses
All those rummy home addresses,
For the peace that still possesses
Far away the island shore:

Hopkins' Crank and Roundabout,
Mallions, Dillions, Riddens, Rout,
Smokejack, Honeycrock, Randiddles:
—once we'd time to guess such riddles,
Time to dream at New Found Out.

While we camp in sultry places,
Underpinning backward races,
Driving piles for Empire bases,
Riveting a nation's ties,
Through the gritty truths we're learning,
Things we've seen and fame we're earning,
Names like music keep returning,
Wood-notes born of softer skies:

Praze-an-Beeble, Chy-an-Chy,
Polapit, Polglaze, Polpry,
Vounder Vean, an-Vro, Chytodden
Lonely tracks so lightly trodden
'Twixt Tregiskey and Treligh :

Hiving Sty and Wedholm Flow,
Cargo, Whelpo, Pelutho,
Hackmarudden, Setmabannin,
Little fields that we began in,
Who'd ha' thought we'd miss you so?

G. FORRESTER SCOTT

HAMPSHIRE

A-WINDING down from Wiltshire
The Avon takes its way
Through Hampshire meads to Christchurch,
And out at Christchurch Bay ;

Beside the Test at Stockbridge
The anglers plot and plan ;
The Itchen laves the playing fields
Where manners makyth man.

And on a Hampshire hilltop,
Beside the " Bat and Ball,"
Old RICHARD NYREN nurtured
The noblest game of all.

The daisies lost their pretty heads
When DAVID HARRIS bowled ;
The stumps were two, the bats were curved :
But ah, the Age of Gold !

E. V. LUCAS

A GREAT TIME

Sweet Chance, that led my steps abroad,
Beyond the town, where wild flowers grow—
A rainbow and a cuckoo, Lord,
How rich and great the times are now!
Know, all ye sheep
And cows, that keep
On staring that I stand so long
In grass that's wet from heavy rain—
A rainbow and a cuckoo's song
May never come together again;
May never come
This side the tomb.

W. H. DAVIES

THE CHANGING YEAR

THE WAKING YEAR

A LADY red upon the hill
  Her annual secret keeps;
A lady white within the field
  In placid lily sleeps!

The tidy breezes with their brooms
  Sweep vale, and hill, and tree!
Prithee, my pretty housewives!
  Who may expected be?

The neighbours do not yet suspect!
  The woods exchange a smile,—
Orchard, and buttercup, and bird,
  In such a little while!

And yet how still the landscape stands,
  How nonchalant the wood,
As if the resurrection
  Were nothing very odd!

EMILY DICKINSON

SPRING

ODE I

INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY

Again with pleasant green
Has Spring renewed the wood,
And where the bare trunks stood
Are leafy arbours seen ;
And back on budding boughs
Come birds, to court and pair,
Whose rival amorous vows
Amaze the scented air.

The freshets are unbound,
And leaping from the hill,
Their mossy banks refill
With streams of light and sound :
And scattered down the meads,
From hour to hour unfold
A thousand buds and beads
In stars and cups of gold.

Now hear, and see, and note,
The farms are all astir,
And every labourer
Has doffed his winter coat ;
And how with specks of white
They dot the brown hillside,
Or jaunt and sing outright
As by their teams they stride.

They sing to feel the Sun
Regain his wanton strength ;
To know the year at length
Rewards their labour done ;

To see the rootless stake
They set bare in the ground,
Burst into leaf, and shake
Its grateful scent around.

Ah now an evil lot
Is his, who toils for gain,
Where crowded chimneys stain
The heavens his choice forgot;
'Tis on the blighted trees
That deck his garden dim,
And in the tainted breeze,
That sweet Spring comes to him.

Far sooner I would choose
The life of brutes that bask,
Than set myself a task,
Which inborn powers refuse:
And rather far enjoy
The body, than invent
A duty, to destroy
The ease which nature sent;

And country life I praise,
And lead, because I find
The philosophic mind
Can take no middle ways;
She will not leave her love
To mix with men, her art
Is all to strive above
The crowd, or stand apart.

Thrice happy he, the rare
Prometheus, who can play
With hidden things, and lay
New realms of nature bare;

Whose venturous step has trod
Hell underfoot, and won
A crown from man and God
For all that he has done—

That highest gift of all,
Since crabbèd fate did flood
My heart with sluggish blood,
I look not mine to call;
But, like a truant freed,
Fly to the woods, and claim
A pleasure for the deed
Of my inglorious name:

And am content, denied
The best, in choosing right;
For Nature can delight
Fancies unoccupied
With ecstasies so sweet
As none can even guess,
Who walk not with the feet
Of joy in idleness.

Then leave your joyless ways,
My friend, my joys to see.
The day you come shall be
The choice of chosen days:
You shall be lost, and learn
New being, and forget
The world, till your return
Shall bring your first regret.

ODE II

REPLY

Behold! the radiant Spring,
In splendour decked anew,
Down from her heaven of blue
Returns on sunlit wing:

The zephyrs of her train
In fleecy clouds disport,
And birds to greet her reign
Summon their silvan court.

And here in street and square
The prisoned trees contest
Her favour with the best,
To robe themselves full fair :
And forth their buds provoke,
Forgetting winter brown,
And all the mire and smoke
That wrapped the dingy town.

Now he that loves indeed
His pleasure must awake,
Lest any pleasure take
Its flight, and he not heed ;
For of his few short years
Another now invites
His hungry soul, and cheers
His life with new delights.

And who loves Nature more
Than he, whose painful art
Has taught and skilled his heart
To read her skill and lore ?
Whose spirit leaps more high,
Plucking the pale primrose,
Than his whose feet must fly
The pasture where it grows ?

One long in city pent
Forgets, or must complain :
But think not I can stain
My heaven with discontent ;

Nor wallow with that sad,
Backsliding herd, who cry
That Truth must make man bad,
And pleasure is a lie.

Rather while Reason lives
To mark me from the beast,
I'll teach her serve at least
To heal the wound she gives :
Nor need she strain her powers
Beyond a common flight,
To make the passing hours
Happy from morn till night.

Since health our toil rewards,
And strength is labour's prize,
I hate not, nor despise
The work my lot accords ;
Nor fret with fears unkind
The tender joys, that bless
My hard-won peace of mind,
In hours of idleness.

Then what charm company
Can give, know I,—if wine
Go round, or throats combine
To set dumb music free.
Or deep in wintertide
When winds without make moan,
I love my own fireside
Not least when most alone.

Then oft I turn the page
In which our country's name,
Spoiling the Greek of fame,
Shall sound in every age :

Or some Terentian play
Renew, whose excellent
Adjusted folds betray
How once Menander went.

Or if grave study suit
The yet unwearied brain,
Plato can teach again,
And Socrates dispute;
Till fancy in a dream
Confront their souls with mine,
Crowning the mind supreme,
And her delights divine.

While pleasure yet can be
Pleasant, and fancy sweet,
I bid all care retreat
From my philosophy;
Which, when I come to try
Your simpler life, will find,
I doubt not, joys to vie
With those I leave behind.

ROBERT BRIDGES

APRIL WEATHER

Oh, hush, my heart, and take thine ease,
For here is April weather!
The daffodils beneath the trees
Are all a-row together.

The thrush is back with his old note;
The scarlet tulip blowing;
And white—ay, white as my love's throat—
The dogwood boughs are growing.

The lilac bush is sweet again ;
  Down every wind that passes,
Fly flakes from hedgerow and from lane ;
  The bees are in the grasses.

And Grief goes out, and Joy comes in,
  And Care is but a feather ;
And every lad his love can win,
  For here is April weather.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

APRIL ON TWEED

As birds are fain to build their nest
  The first soft sunny day,
So longing wakens in my breast
  A month before the May,
When now the wind is from the west,
  And winter melts away.

The snow lies yet on Eildon Hill,
  But soft the breezes blow.
If melting snows the waters fill,
  We nothing heed the snow,
But we must up and take our will—
  A-fishing will we go !

Below the branches brown and bare,
  Beneath the primrose lea,
The trout lies waiting for his fare,
  A hungry trout is he ;
He's hooked, and springs and splashes there
  Like salmon from the sea !

Oh, April-tide's a pleasant tide,
  However times may fall,
And sweet to welcome spring, the bride,
  You hear the mavis call;
But all adown the water-side
  The spring's most fair of all.

ANDREW LANG

SPRING-SONG

MAKE me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
When thy flowery hand delivers
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,
And thy great heart beats and quivers
To revive the days that were,
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Take my dust and all my dreaming,
Count my heart beats one by one,
Send them where the winters perish;
Then some golden noon recherish
And restore them in the sun,
Flower and scent and dust and dreaming,
With their heart beats every one!

Set me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!
Breast of scarlet, throat of yellow,
Raucous challenge, wooings mellow—
Every migrant is my fellow,
Making northward with the spring.
Loose me in the urge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!

Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,
In the valleys come again ;
Fife of frog and call of tree-toad,
All my brothers, five or three-toed,
With their revel no more vetoed,
Making music in the rain ;
Shrilling pipe or fluting whistle,
In the valleys come again.

Make me of thy seed to-morrow,
When the sap begins to stir !
Tawny light-foot, sleepy bruin,
Bright-eyes in the orchard ruin,
Gnarl the good life goes askew in,
Whiskey-jack, or tanager,—
Make me anything to-morrow,
When the sap begins to stir !

Make me even (How do I know ?)
Like my friend the gargoyle there ;
It may be the heart within him
Swells that doltish hands should pin him
Fixed forever in mid-air.
Make me even sport for swallows,
Like the soaring gargoyle there !

Give me the old clue to follow,
Through the labyrinth of night !
Clod of clay with heart of fire,
Things that burrow and aspire,
With the vanishing desire,
For the perishing delight,—
Only the old clue to follow,
Through the labyrinth of night !

Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!
Fashion me from swamp or meadow,
Garden plot or ferny shadow,
Hyacinth or humble burr!
Make me over, mother April,
When the sap begins to stir!

Let me hear the far, low summons,
When the silver winds return;
Rills that run and streams that stammer,
Goldenwing with his loud hammer,
Icy brooks that brawl and clamour,
Where the Indian willows burn;
Let me hearken to the calling,
When the silver winds return.

Till recurring and recurring,
Long since wandered and come back,
Like a whim of Grieg's or Gounod's,
This same self, bird, bud, or Bluenose,
Some day I may capture (Who knows?)
Just the one last joy I lack,
Waking to the far new summons,
When the old Spring winds come back.

For I have no choice of being,
When the sap begins to climb,—
Strong insistence, sweet intrusion,
Vasts and verges of illusion,—
So I win, to time's confusion,
The one perfect pearl of time,
Joy and joy and joy forever,
Till the sap begins to climb!

Make me over in the morning
From the rag-bag of the world !
Scraps of dream and duds of daring,
Home-brought stuff from far sea-faring,
Faded colours once so flaring,
Shreds of banners long since furled !
Hues of ash and glints of glory,
In the rag-bag of the world !

Let me taste the old immortal
Indolence of life once more ;
Not recalling nor foreseeing,
Let the great slow joys of being
Well my heart through as of yore !
Let me taste the old immortal
Indolence of life once more !

Give me the old drink for rapture,
The delirium to drain,
All my fellows drank in plenty
At the Three Score Inns and Twenty
From the mountains to the main !
Give me the old drink for rapture,
The delirium to drain !

Only make me over, April,
When the sap begins to stir !
Make me man or make me woman,
Make me oaf or ape or human,
Cup of flower or cone of fir ;
Make me anything but neuter
When the sap begins to stir !

BLISS CARMAN

ODE IN MAY

Let me go forth, and share
  The overflowing Sun
  With one wise friend, or one
Better than wise, being fair,
Where the pewit wheels and dips
  On heights of bracken and ling,
And Earth, unto her leaflet tips,
  Tingles with the Spring.

What is so sweet and dear
  As a prosperous morn in May,
  The confident prime of the day,
And the dauntless youth of the year,
When nothing that asks for bliss,
  Asking aright, is denied,
And half of the world a bridegroom is,
  And half of the world a bride ?

The Song of Mingling flows,
  Grave, ceremonial, pure,
  As once, from lips that endure,
The cosmic descant rose,
When the temporal lord of life,
  Going his golden way,
Had taken a wondrous maid to wife
  That long had said him nay.

For of old the Sun, our sire,
  Came wooing the mother of men,
  Earth, that was virginal then,
Vestal fire to his fire.
Silent her bosom and coy,
  But the strong god sued and pressed ;
And born of their starry nuptial joy
  Are all that drink of her breast.

And the triumph of him that begot,
  And the travail of her that bore,
  Behold, they are evermore
As warp and weft in our lot.
We are children of splendour and flame,
  Of shuddering, also, and tears.
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
  And abject from the Spheres.

O bright irresistible lord!
  We are fruit of Earth's womb, each one,
  And fruit of thy love, O Sun,
For this thy spouse, thy adored.
To thee as our Father we bow,
  Forbidden thy Father to see,
Who is older and greater than thou, as thou
  Art greater and older than we.

Thou art but as a word of his speech,
  Thou art but as a wave of his hand;
  Thou art brief as a glitter of sand
'Twixt tide and tide on his beach;
Thou art less than a spark of his fire,
  Or a moment's mood of his soul:
Thou art lost in the notes on the lips of his choir
  That chant the chant of the Whole.

WILLIAM WATSON

PHILOSOPHY OF THE SUMMER

Come, leave your learned friends who spar,
  Who cannot yet agree,
On what we were, or what we are,
  Or what we hope to be:

Relax awhile that forehead grave
To hear the north wind shrill
The burden of his blustering stave
Across the heathered hill.

For even now, my jaded sage,
Your last and newest creed
May gather lessons from the page
Which he who runs may read:
Perhaps these woods of oak and birch
May teach you unawares,
Truths that escape the eyes which search
The world from study chairs.

So when your wordy discontent
Grows tedious, for a space,
And all the bootless argument
That racks the market-place,
Come to these lonely forest glades
And watch the squirrels play,
Where the stale clash of struggling blades
Sounds faint and far away.

Here doubts that we can never solve
At least we may forsake,
Here burning brains no more revolve
And hearts no longer ache:
When the green leaves are overhead
With sunlight dancing through,
Where the wild hyacinth has spread
A wondrous belt of blue.

It needs a sorry soul to whine
That life's a dismal thing,
When, flushed from tufts of celandine,
The woodlark starts to sing:

Or where beside the woodland's edge,
In dells of grass and fern,
The moorhen flutters to the sedge
That rims the sparkling burn.

The sparrows underneath the eaves,
Who twitter to the dawn,
The blackbird in the laurel leaves,
The thrush upon the lawn ;
The busy chaffinch, chirping near
Amid the apple bloom,
Not one of these assails my ear
With riddles wrapped in gloom.

In a round hole beneath the thatch
A little titmouse sits,
Who, despite Malthus, means to hatch
A dozen lesser tits ;
For fads and freaks and party cries,
Which vex the subtler brain,
The jovial twinkle in her eyes
Bespeaks a fine disdain.

The creed of our secluded choice
Is far behind the times,
And finds an almost plaintive voice
In tinkling village chimes—
A voice that, somehow, never lacks
A cure for cares and griefs,
Not found in all your yellow-backs
With up-to-date beliefs.

Here our old rector, week by week,
Declaims to drowsy pews
Those gentle homilies that speak
Of virtues more than views :

And here the choir with hymn and chant
A vigorous challenge sends,
Droned forth by our church militant
To foes where all are friends.

For as our stretching woodland ways
With sturdy oaks are set,
That braved the tempest in the day
Of some Plantagenet:
As if the flying centuries
Were loth to work their will,
So here the old faith slowlier dies,
The old hope lingers still.

It is as though the God you mock
Had fled your dusty shelves,
Content to let his graceless stock
Control the world themselves,
And found in this fair place a home
To see his works are good,
Where, as of old, he still may roam
At sundown through the wood.

ALFRED COCHRANE

AUTUMN

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.
The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

EMILY DICKINSON

VICTRIX

HERE'S a lady come to town
  Puts us all to shame ;
Walking in with noiseless feet,
Very light and very fleet,
  Overnight she came.
Not a beauty in the land,
  Though she have no peer
Both for comeliness and grace,
But must take a second place—
  The snow is here.

Never monarch wore, I swear,
  Such a radiant dress ;
All the whitenesses we prize
Suddenly before our eyes
  Turn to dinginess.
Gone are all the shining joys
  That we held so dear ;
Linens, marbles, gleaming plumes
We must hide in shadowed glooms—
  The snow is here.

Veil your brows, you pretty maids,
  With your falling curls ;
Should you venture forth to-day
Tuck your milky throats away,
  Cover up your pearls.
Naught shall match your loveliness
  Later in the year
(Who so foolish as to dare
Say the lily is more fair ?)
  But—the snow is here.

ROSE FYLEMAN

BIRDS

THE BLACKBIRD

In the far corner,
close by the swings,
every morning
a blackbird sings.

His bill's so yellow,
his coat's so black,
that he makes a fellow
whistle back.

Ann, my daughter,
thinks that he
sings for us two
especially.

HUMBERT WOLFE

COMFORT

I LOVE, in March and April,
At six o'clock to wake,
To hear a sweeter music
Than instruments can make:
Twice happy are their voices,
The birds' upon the spray,
For 'tis not only "Spring is near,"
But "Winter's gone," they say.

ALDWORTH MORN

BIRDS

WHEN our two souls have left this mortal clay,
And, seeking mine, you think that mine is lost—
Look for me first in that Elysian glade
Where Lesbia is, for whom the birds sing most.

What happy hearts those feathered mortals have,
That sing so sweet when they're wet through in spring!
For in that month of May when leaves are young,
Birds dream of song, and in their sleep they sing.

And when the spring has gone and they are dumb,
Is it not fine to watch them at their play:
Is it not fine to see a bird that tries
To stand upon the end of every spray?

See how they tilt their pretty heads aside:
When women make that move they always please.
What cosy homes birds make in leafy walls
That Nature's love has ruined—and the trees.

Oft have I seen in fields the little birds
Go in between a bullock's legs to eat;
But what gives me most joy is when I see
Snow on my doorstep, printed by their feet.

W. H. DAVIES

THE CUCKOO

His voice runs before me; I follow; it flies;
It is now in the meadow and now in the skies;
So blithesome, so lightsome; now distant, now here;
And when he calls "Cuckoo!" the summer is near.

He calls back the roses, red roses, that went
At the first blast of winter, so red and forespent,
With the dew in their bosoms, young roses and dear;
And when he calls "Cuckoo!" the summer is near.

I would twine him a gold cage, but what would he do
For his world of the emerald, his bath in the blue?
And his wee feathered comrades to make him good cheer?
And when he calls "Cuckoo!" the summer is near.

Now, blackbird, give over your harping of gold!
Brown thrush and green linnet, your music withhold!
The flutes of the forest are silver and clear,
But when he calls "Cuckoo!" the summer is here.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

DUCKS

I

FROM troubles of the world
I turn to ducks,
Beautiful comical things
Sleeping or curled
Their heads beneath white wings
By water cool,
Or finding curious things
To eat in various mucks
Beneath the pool,
Tails uppermost, or waddling
Sailor-like on the shores
Of ponds, or paddling
—Left ! right !—with fanlike feet
Which are for steady oars
When they (white galleys) float
Each bird a boat
Rippling at will the sweet
Wide waterway . . .
When night is fallen *you* creep
Upstairs, but drakes and dillies
Nest with pale water-stars,
Moonbeams and shadow bars,
And water-lilies :
Fearful too much to sleep
Since they've no locks
To click against the teeth
Of weasel and fox.
And warm beneath
Are eggs of cloudy green
Whence hungry rats and lean

Would stealthily suck
New life, but for the mien,
The bold ferocious mien,
Of the mother-duck.

II

Yes, ducks are valiant things
On nests of twigs and straws,
And ducks are soothy things
And lovely on the lake
When that the sunlight draws
Thereon their pictures dim
In colours cool.
And when beneath the pool
They dabble, and when they swim
And make their rippling rings,
O ducks are beautiful things!

But ducks are comical things:—
As comical as you.
Quack!
They waddle round, they do.
They eat all sorts of things,
And then they quack.
By barn and stable and stack
They wander at their will,
But if you go too near
They look at you through black
Small topaz-tinted eyes
And wish you ill.
Triangular and clear
They leave their curious track
In mud at the water's edge,
And there amid the sedge
And slime they gobble and peer
Saying "Quack! quack!"

III

When God had finished the stars and whirl of coloured
suns
He turned His mind from big things to fashion little
ones;
Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then
He made the comical ones in case the minds of men
Should stiffen and become
Dull, humourless and glum,
And so forgetful of their Maker be
As to take even themselves—*quite seriously*.
Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent puns:
All God's jokes are good—even the practical ones!
And as for the duck, I think God must have smiled
a bit
Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He fashioned
it.
And He's probably laughing still at the sound that
came out of its bill!

F. W. HARVEY

THE GARDEN

DIGGING

To-day I think
Only with scents,—scents dead leaves yield,
And bracken, and wild carrot's seed,
And the square mustard field;

Odours that rise
When the spade wounds the root of tree,
Rose, currant, raspberry, or goutweed,
Rhubarb or celery;

The smoke's smell, too,
Flowing from where a bonfire burns
The dead, the waste, the dangerous,
And all to sweetness turns.

It is enough
To smell, to crumble the dark earth,
While the robin sings over again
Sad songs of Autumn mirth.

EDWARD THOMAS

THE CHOICE

When skies are blue and days are bright
A kitchen-garden's my delight,
Set round with rows of decent box
And blowsy girls of hollyhocks.

Before the lark his Lauds hath done
And ere the corncrake's southward gone ;
Before the thrush good-night hath said
And the young Summer's put to bed.

The currant-bushes' spicy smell,
Homely and honest, likes me well,
The while on strawberries I feast,
And raspberries the sun hath kissed.

Beans all a-blowing by a row
Of hives that great with honey go,
With mignonette and heaths to yield
The plundering bee his honey-field.

Sweet herbs in plenty, blue borage
And the delicious mint and sage,
Rosemary, marjoram, and rue,
And thyme to scent the winter through.

Here are small apples growing round,
And apricots all golden-gowned,
And plums that presently will flush
And show their bush a Burning Bush.

Cherries in nets against the wall,
Where Master Thrush his madrigal
Sings, and makes oath a churl is he
Who grudges cherries for a fee.

Lavender, sweet-briar, orris. Here
Shall Beauty make her pomander,
Her sweet-balls for to lay in clothes
That wrap her as the leaves the rose.

Take roses red and lilies white,
A kitchen garden's my delight;
Its gillyflowers and phlox and cloves,
And its tall cote of irised doves.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

TO A CHALK-BLUE

Butterflies, Butterflies, delicate downy ones,
Golden, and purple, and yellowy browny ones,
Whites, reds, and tortoiseshells, what's in a hue?
You're worth the whole lot of them, little Chalk-Blue!

Fabled Apollos, of bug-hunter's hollow tales,
Camberwell Beauties, Large Coppers, and Swallow-tails,
They've fled from high farming, they've gone down the breeze,
To Elfland perhaps, or wherever you please!

You, Master Blue, hold by man and his handiworks,
Chalk-pits and cutting, and engineer's sandy works,
Sway on his wheat stalks, most buoyant and bold,
A turquoise a-droop on a chain of light gold!

Here was your home, ere the Legion's lean warriors
Laughed at the slings of Druidical quarriers,
Or ever the Eagles came swooping ashore,
You flew your blue ensign from Lizard to Nore!

Long may you linger and flourish exceedingly,
Dancing the sun round all summer unheedingly,
Sprite of his splendour, small priest of high noon,
Oh, bold little, old little, blue bit of June!

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

'MUMS

When Autumn gales despoil the trees,
When fogs delay the dawn,
When rime bedecks the shrubberies
And crisps the wormy lawn,
The dahlia-buds are frozen duds,
Likewise geraniums,
But still they bloom in frosts and floods,
Our gallant garden 'mums.

The sodden roses drip and droop,
A damp *memento mori*;
Once more *Ophelia's* in the soup,
The *Gloire* has gone to glory;
But, short or tall, beneath the wall
Chrysanthemums a-bloom
Defy the tempests of the Fall
And light November's gloom.

There *Almirante* swaggers bold
In tiger-lily bronze,
And *Harvester* the April gold
Of daffodillies dons;
Like crimson phlox or rosy stocks
Old *Masse* and *Goacher* shine,
And claret-reds of hollyhocks
Revive in *Clementine*.

So Summer after closing-time
  Repaints her gayest hues,
The palette of her gorgeous prime,
  And only shuns the blues ;
Then let us praise November days,
  And, though it sounds absurd,
We'll paradoxically raise
  Our slogan, " Mum's the word ! "

G. FORRESTER SCOTT

MEMORIES

" VIOLETS," she called to me and, passing by
Her flower-sweet stall, I stopped and, with a sigh
Caught their sweet scent . . . oh, was it yesterday
That over Lapworth in a wood we lay
When April had not left the land ; you know
The way we talked of Beauty . . . so . . . and so.
Down in the fields the morning sunlight fell
On kindly brown of earth—I cannot tell
The wonder of the day . . . my friend, you know
That we were happy once, not long ago . . .
Violets and pale wood anemones,
Half hidden in soft grasses, swaying trees,
Pools in the rutted lane beneath us there,
Laughter in cloudless skies, and everywhere
Such strange sweet Beauty. . . .
  You began to tell
Of all the things that you had loved so well.
You told of London and glad winter nights
Spent with good comrades, roadways splashed with lights,
Italian voices, sad old tunes that came

From broken barrel-organs, and the flame
Of love, soft laughter, strange inviting looks,
And lighted shops of Belgian pastry cooks,
And of the river . . . Chelsea in the Spring!

ERIC MASCHWITZ

GARDEN FANCIES

I SOMETIMES think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears—
To-morrow?—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

OMAR KHAYYÁM
Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD

THE GAME

THE LAST SPRING

The roller's on the playing part ;
The village lads have made a start ;
  The good old shed's unshuttered.
Again we see the rustic clout,
The first off-stump come hurtling out,
  The first chance badly buttered.

The wind is in the outer grass ;
The vicar taps the fateful glass,
  And prays for sunny weather.
The nets, the pads, the dusty gear,
The shirt we couldn't find last year
  Come tumbling out together.

The boys are marking out the crease,
So fumble for your lucky piece,
  And send her upward spinning.
O give me Spring for life and love,
A skylark singing up above,
  And Cricket just beginning.

I cannot time them any more ;
I leave the younger ones to score ;
  I'm slow between the creases.
But Spring has come to urge me on :
Another game before I'm gone,
  And then my innings ceases.

And, if my spirit walks unbound,
I know I'll haunt this little ground ;
  Each May will find me near you ;
And sometimes, when it's touch-and-go,
A faint old voice you used to know
  Will rise again to cheer you.

And now, young men, good health and
    strength,
A sure, quick eye, a steady length ;
  And bowl to hit the wicket.
Be swift and tireless in the field,
A prowling snare, a living shield . . .
  Good fortune, and good Cricket !

G. D. MARTINEAU

VERBA NON FACTA

When once again he hears the voice
  Of umpires calling " Play,"
Needs must the veteran's heart rejoice
  The challenge to obey.
He sees the line of boundary flags,
  The tent, the scoring-board,
And cannot credit that he lags
  Superfluous on the sward.

Though at the one and only game,
  As all too well he knows,
Each Spring a certain loss of fame
  The batting order shows ;
Wherein the old protagonist
  Observes with some surprise
The name that used to head the list
  Placed next before the byes.

What then ? He takes the thing to mean
That more experienced nerve
Will form—should panic supervene—
A capable reserve :
And when the youngsters fear and quake
He feels that Fate's command
Dictates a glorious chance to make
A long last-wicket stand.

Again, when fieldsmen took the field,
An epoch past and dim
Would see judicious captains yield
The new red ball to him :
While now to this distinction gone
Succeeds a judgment strange,
Which very rarely puts him on
Till sixth or seventh change.

Well, he can still be happy while
He waits his turn to bowl,
And lay, with a contented smile,
This unction to his soul :
That when the score is mounting high,
And batsmen work their will,
These are the straits that really try
And test a bowler's skill.

Thus, although laid to all intent
And purpose on the shelf,
Will he extract from the event
Some solace for himself :
And if brief sojourns at the crease
His hopes of triumph baulk,
They give long interludes of peace
When he may rest—and talk.

Sheltered beneath a broad-brimmed hat,
His spell of fielding done,
He sits, as once old Kaspar sat,
And gossips in the sun,
Of many a stout achievement wrought
To win enduring praise,
Of fights which great Achilles fought
In more heroic days.

And ever, as his present deeds,
Make less and less for fame,
In those far-off Elysian meads
He plays a finer game:
And ever, as his youth retreats,
From memory's kindly stores,
He gleans more splendid bowling feats,
And more amazing scores.

ALFRED COCHRANE

HAMBLEDON

(And whenever a Hambledon man made a good hit . . . you would hear the deep mouths of the whole multitude baying away in pure Hampshire, "Go hard! Go hard! *Tich* and turn! *Tich* and turn!") *John Nyren.*

You, batsmen of our later days,
Who stand erect and proud,
What time your frequent fourers raise
The plaudits of the crowd,
Here is the kindled zeal aflame
That first began to burn,
When those old Hampshire yokels came
And shouted "*Tich and turn!*"

You, critics with the captious eyes,
Your vigilant review
From the pavilion balconies
Is nothing strange or new ;
Your prototypes were met in strength
With sapient nod and smile,
To pass the word on *Barber's* length,
Or *Harry Walker's* style.

You, patrons of the cheaper seats,
The fervour and the thirst,
With which you celebrate the feats
Of *Hayward* and of *Hirst*,
Recall the rustic partisan
Who drank to the renown
Of *Small* or *Scott*, or *Noah Mann*,
Long since, on Windmill Down.

When to acclaim the master-stroke
Our modern cries resound,
Applause that cleaves the Sheffield smoke,
Or thunders from the Mound ;
What is it but the village voice
That made the welkin ring,
To hail the champion of its choice,
When Farmer George was King ?

To rank and wealth in all their pride
Upon the coach displayed,
To impecunious youth astride
The playground's palisade,
To ardent patriots on the tram,
Who follow by degrees,
From cablegram to cablegram,
The Test match overseas.

The fever spreads : while far away,
Across the vanished years,
Ring forth on afternoons of May
Those Hambledonian cheers :
That strange enchantment, after all
They were the first to learn,
Who watched the strife of bat and ball
With shouts of " *Tich and turn !* "

ALFRED COCHRANE

PAST AND PRESENT

Daisies are over Nyren, and Hambledon
Hardly remembers any summer gone :
And never again the Kentish elms shall see
Mynn, or Fuller Pilch, or Colin Blythe.
—Nor shall I see them, unless perhaps a ghost
Watching the elder ghosts beyond the moon.
But here in common sunshine I have seen
George Hirst, not yet a ghost, substantial,
His off-drives mellow as brown ale, and crisp
Merry late cuts, and brave Chaucerian pulls ;
Waddington's fury and the patience of Dipper ;
And twenty easy artful overs of Rhodes,
So many stanzas of the Faerie Queen.

WILLIAM KERR

SPORT

WHEN TULIPS BLOOM

I

When tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
  Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row
Of westward houses stands aglow,
  And leads the eyes to sunset skies
Beyond the hills where green trees grow;

Then weary seems the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade:
  I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made.

II

I guess the pussy-willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
  Along the brook; and robins look
For early worms behind the plough.

The thistle-birds have changed their dun,
For yellow coats, to match the sun;
  And in the same array of flame
The Dandelion Show's begun.

The flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees:
  Who can help wishing to go a-fishing
In days as full of joy as these?

III

I think the meadow-lark's clear sound
Leaks upward slowly from the ground,
  While on the wing the bluebirds ring
Their wedding-bells to woods around.

The flirting chewink calls his dear
Behind the bush; and very near,
  Where water flows, where green grass grows,
Song-sparrows gently sing, "Good cheer."

And, best of all, through twilight's calm
The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm.
  How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing
In days so sweet with music's balm!

IV

'Tis not a proud desire of mine;
I ask for nothing superfine;
  No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record, or my line.

Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
  Where I may wade through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream:

Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools, and try my art:
  'Tis all I'm wishing—old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart.

HENRY VAN DYKE

EPHEMERIS

(The May-Fly)

You fluttered forth above the sedge
  Fulfilled with joy of living,
You danced along the water's edge
  Without the least misgiving:
Yet, fluttering, dancing, nearer drew,
  By some strange impulse bidden,
To that bright surface where, I knew,
  Your certain doom lay hidden.

Then, underneath the alder boughs,
  You lighted on an eddy,
As if your sunlit hour's carouse
  Had wearied you already:
And, while you preened your gauzy wings,
  A cheerful and a gay fly,
I saw the spread of circling rings,
  Where there had been a May-fly.

Such was your life to death from birth,
  And, dazzling in its brevity,
It seems to set a curious worth,
  By contrast, on longevity;
So that, if measuring our careers,
  My longer limit flatters,
I ask myself if, hours or years,
  The difference really matters.

Thus do I spin your elegy,
  Yet, knowing what shall follow,
I feel my sentiments to be
  Not only trite but hollow;

One waiting for the trout to rise
  Admits the thought as treasonable,
Yet cannot reckon your demise,
  Though tragic, as unseasonable.

The spot where, resolute or rash,
  You chose to float and founder,
Conceals, to judge him by his splash,
  A good three-quarter pounder:
Above whose greedy nose shall sail,
  Just where he rose to strike you,
A fly with something in his tail,
  Like you—yet not quite like you.

ALFRED COCHRANE

THE CONTENTED ANGLER

The Angler hath a jolly life
  Who by the rail runs down,
And leaves his business and his wife,
  And all the din of town.
The wind down stream is blowing straight,
  And nowhere cast can he:
Then lo, he doth but sit and wait
  In kindly company.

The miller turns the water off,
  Or folk be cutting weed,
While he doth at misfortune scoff,
  From every trouble freed.
Or else he waiteth for a rise,
  And ne'er a rise may see;
For why, there are not any flies
  To bear him company.

Or, if he mark a rising trout,
He straightway is caught up ;
And then he takes his flasket out,
And drinks a rousing cup.
Or if a trout he chance to hook,
Weeded and broke is he ;
And then he finds a goodly book
Instructive company.

ANDREW LANG

THE FISHERMEN

The quiet pastime of their choice
On Beauly rocks, in Derwent glades,
Still seems to move to Walton's voice,
Singing of dace and dairymaids :
His water meadows still are wet,
His brawling trout-streams leap and glance,
And on their sunlit ripples yet
The flies of his disciples dance.

Anglers complete and incomplete,
The expert or the 'prentice hand,
In friendly rivalry they meet
By loch and river, sedge and sand ;
Enthusiasts all, of staid address,
They go their way from cast to cast,
Alike, in failure or success,
Sanguine and serious to the last.

Whether their lingering footsteps pass
Where Hampshire meadowlands are green,
And where the chalk stream clear as glass
Goes by the pollard tops between ;

Where when the warbler folds his wings
And the pale summer moon comes out,
The scented breath of twilight brings
The sacred hour of feeding trout—

Whether the river calls them forth,
That once a brown and modest burn
Splashed down some hillside of the North,
Through purple heather tufts and fern ;
That now flows on, a mighty tide,
From silent pool to chattering reach,
Through whose dark depths the salmon glide
Beneath the rowan and the beech—

For them may no ambition match
Fulfilment of the master's wish,
To throw from dawn to dusk, and catch,
If fortune will, the biggest fish :
They live their life ; they dream their dream,
The earth beneath, the sky above,
Their battlefield the running stream,
Nature herself their only love.

In every mood, in every dress
They know her, and they find her fair :
Unchanged allegiance they confess
Whatever robe she deign to wear—
Her April green on wood and wold,
The splendour of her summer blaze,
The gorgeous weeds of red and gold
With which she greets October days.

Then, when their pensive task is done,
The wayside hostel's chimney seat
Finds them, good comrades every one,
Prepared their exploits to repeat ;

Each has his shifts of sight and touch,
His own expedients each admires,
Each follows still, though not too much,
His own devices and desires.

So does the pastime of their choice,
On Beauly rocks, in Derwent glades,
Still seem to move to Walton's voice,
Singing of dace and dairymaids;
The flying centuries come and go;
But underneath the eternal sky,
Where spring by spring the cowslips blow,
The gentle art his votaries ply.

ALFRED COCHRANE

THE TROUT FISHER

PAN doth pipe to us anew,
Reedy calls and catches,
So we'll go and throw a fly,
Dainty, delicate and dry,
Forty miles from Waterloo—
Where the May-fly hatches.

Run of nigh an hour it is
From the City's leanness;
There's a walk when you get out—
Riverwards a mile about—
Mile of elms and Alderneys,
And surpassing greenness.

Mile of gold imagining,
Crowned of all creation;
Eve may bring the fat content
Born of proud Accomplishment;
Morning hath the angel's wing
Of Anticipation.

Luck's a jade blows hot and cold ;
Heed no wise men give her ;
Yet howe'er the night come in—
Three good brace, or not a fin—
Always she's a lass of gold
Walking to the river.

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

ODE TO GOLF

'DELUSIVE nymph, farewell ! '
How oft we've said or sung,
When balls evasive fell,
Or in the jaws of ' Hell ',
Or salt sea-weeds among,
'Mid shingle and sea-shell !

How oft beside the burn,
We play the sad ' two more ' ;
How often at the turn,
The heather must we spurn ;
How oft we've ' topped and swore ',
In bent and whin and fern !

Yes, when the broken head
Bounds further than the ball,
The heart has inly bled.
Ah ! and the lips have said
Words we would fain recall—
Wild words, of passion bred.

In bunkers all unknown,
Far beyond ' Walkinshaw ',
Where never ball had flown—
Reached by ourselves alone—
Caddies have heard with awe
The music of our moan.

Yet, nymph, if once alone,
The ball hath featly fled—
Not smitten from the bone—
That drive doth still atone
And one long shot laid dead
Our grief to the winds hath blown.

So, still beside the tee,
We meet in storm or calm,
Lady, and worship thee;
While the loud lark sings free,
Piping his matin psalm
Above the gray, sad sea.

ANDREW LANG

THE DESERTER

(WHO REFUSES FOR THE 12TH)

How now, you faithless absentee,
Now that the magic Hour draws near,
You urge an unexpected plea
Of duller claims that interfere!

I thought no mortal since the Fall
Gifted with strength of will to raise
Ramparts of conscience at the call
Of grouse and grilse and holidays.

Review it all—the rush from town,
The station platform stretching far,
The crowds, the hurrying up and down
In quest of the Fort William car;

And that first moment of delight
When the long 8.15 swings forth,
To thunder through the August night,
And meet the daybreak in the North.

Until—how great the prospect seems!—
The faithful George beside your bed
Shall mingle in your restless dreams
With early tea at Garelochhead.

Ten minutes more of tea and train,
And hasty donning of attire,
And then—and then your feet attain
The wayside goal of your desire.

What next? much baggage vanned and racked
Now quickly bundled out in tons,
And then the waiting motor packed
With rods and cartridges and guns.

I picture you the morning grey,
With glint of sunshine now and then,
And wonderful with scents that stray
From the wet larchwoods in the glen.

High on the pass the breeze is cool,
And local memories return
Of salmon in the Clachan pool,
And grouse above the Laraig burn.

So be it; stoutly you resist,
But wait until the Hour arrives,
The Hour of mountain, moor and mist,
And see if your resolve survives.

ALFRED COCHRANE

"DAN RUSSELL THE FOX"

By moonlight in Maytime
Where Philomel sings
The cubs skip at playtime
Like sprites upon springs;
They romp and they tumble,
They bind in a blur,
The jolliest jumble
Of fun and of fur.
Then, imp from the May ground
And Jack-in-the-Box
And Puck in a playground
Is little Dan Fox,
Dan Russell, Dan Russell,
Dan Russell the Fox.

But now that he's big and
Bewhiskered and bold
And shiny and brigand,
Farm, warren and fold,
Cock-pheasant or "cheeper,"
He sorts them no end,
And *that* for Tom Keeper,
Since Squire is his friend.
Then, while the folk frown so
Whose ducklings he docks,
He's "off to the Downs O,"
Dan Russell the Fox,
Dan Russell, Dan Russell,
Dan Russell the Fox.

But saints, now, and sinners,
When all's said and done,
We dance for our dinners,
We pay for our fun;

And he's no exception,
This playboy of mine,
Who'll ne'er the quick-step shun,
The music decline.
To hound-song unsparing
The hazel-roof rocks,
But little he's caring,
Dan Russell the Fox,
Dan Russell, Dan Russell,
Dan Russell the Fox.

For Dan, deuce a doubt of
Dan, five times in six
Can dance himself out of
The awkwardest fix;
And sixth time? (precisely—
We've seen, you and I)
Dan Russell knows nicely
How *varmints* should die.
And, as the luck fails him,
He grins and he locks
To the nose that first nails him,
Dan Russell the Fox,
Dan Russell, Dan Russell,
Dan Russell the Fox.

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

THE FIND

YON sound's neither sheep-bell nor bark,
They're running—they're running, Go hark!
The sport may be lost by a moment's delay;
So whip up the puppies and scurry away.

Dash down through the cover by dingle and dell,
There's a gate at the bottom—I know it full well:
And they're running—they're running,
Go hark!

They're running—they're running, Go hark!
One fence and we're out of the park;
Sit down in your saddles and race at the brook,
Then smash at the bullfinch; no time for a look;
Leave cravens and skirters to dangle behind;
He's away for the moors in the teeth of the wind,
And they're running—they're running,
Go hark!

They're running—they're running, Go hark!
Let them run on and run till it's dark!
Well with them we are, and well with them we'll be,
While there's wind in our horses and daylight to see:
Then shog along homeward, chat over the fight,
And hear in our dreams the sweet music all night
Of—They're running—they're running,
Go hark!

CHARLES KINGSLEY

THE OLD SQUIRE

I LIKE the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox;
I like the joyous morning air,
And the crowing of the cocks.

I like the calm of the early fields,
The ducks asleep by the lake,
The quiet hour which Nature yields,
Before mankind is awake.

I like the pheasants and feeding things
Of the unsuspicious morn;
I like the flap of the wood-pigeon's wings
As she rises from the corn.

I like the blackbird's shriek, and his rush
From the turnips as I pass by,
And the partridge hiding her head in a bush,
For her young ones cannot fly.

I like these things, and I like to ride
When all the world is in bed,
To the top of the hill where the sky grows wide,
And where the sun grows red.

The beagles at my horse heels trot
In silence after me;
There's Ruby, Roger, Diamond, Dot,
Old Slut and Margery,—

A score of names well used, and dear,
The names my childhood knew;
The horn, with which I rouse their cheer,
Is the horn my father blew.

I like the hunting of the hare
Better than that of the fox;
The new world still is all less fair
Than the old world it mocks.

I covet not a wider range
Than these dear manors give;
I take my pleasure without change,
And as I lived I live.

I leave my neighbours to their thought;
My choice it is, and pride,
On my own lands to find my sport,
In my own fields to ride.

The hare herself no better loves
The field where she was bred,
Than I the habit of these groves,
My own inherited.

I know my quarries every one,
The meuse where she sits low;
The road she chose to-day was run
A hundred years ago.

The lags, the gills, the forest ways,
The hedgerows one and all,
These are the kingdoms of my chase,
And bounded by my wall;

Nor has the world a better thing,
Though one should search it round,
Than thus to live one's own sole king,
Upon one's own sole ground.

I like the hunting of the hare;
It brings me, day by day,
The memory of old days as fair,
With dead men past away.

To these, as homeward still I ply,
And pass the churchyard gate
Where all are laid as I must lie,
I stop and raise my hat.

I like the hunting of the hare;
New sports I hold in scorn.
I like to be as my fathers were,
In the days ere I was born.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

TRAVEL

OUT THERE SOMEWHERE

As I was hiking past the woods, the cool and sleepy
summer woods,
I saw a guy a-talking to the sunshine in the air;
Thinks I, he's going to have a fit—I'll stick around and
watch a bit;
But he paid no attention, hardly knowing I was there.

He must have been a college guy, for he was talking big
and high,—
The trees were standing all around as silent as a
church—
A little closer I saw he was manufacturing poetry,
Just like a Mocker sitting on a pussy-willow perch.

I squatted down and rolled a smoke and listened to each
word he spoke;
He never stumbled, reared or broke; he never missed
a word,
And though he was a Bo like me, he'd been a gent once,
I could see;
I ain't much strong on poetry, but this is what I heard:

"We'll dance a merry saraband from here to drowsy
Samarcand.
Along the sea, across the land, the birds are flying
South,
And you, my sweet Penelope, out there somewhere you
wait for me,
With buds of roses in your hair and kisses on your
mouth.

" The mountains are all hid in mist ; the valley is like amethyst ;
The poplar leaves they turn and twist ; oh, silver, silver green !
Out there somewhere along the sea a ship is waiting patiently,
While up the beach the bubbles slip with white afloat between.

" The tide-hounds race far up the shore—the hunt is on ! The breakers roar,
(Her spars are tipped with gold and o'er her deck the spray is flung) ;
The buoys that rollick in the bay, they nod the way, they nod the way !
The hunt is up ! I am the prey ! The hunter's bow is strung ! "

" Out there somewhere,—" says I to me, " By Gosh ! I guess that's poetry !
Out there somewhere—Penelope—with kisses on her mouth ! "
And then, thinks I, " O college guy, your talk it gets me in the eye,
The North *is* creeping in the air ; the birds *are* flying South."

And yet, the sun was shining down, a-blazing on the little town,
A mile or so 'way down the track a-dancing in the sun.
But somehow, as I waited there, there came a shiver in the air ;
" The birds are flying South," he says. " The winter has begun."

Says I, " Then let's be on the float ; you certainly have
got my goat ;
You make me hungry in my throat for seeing things
that's new.
Out there somewhere we'll ride the range a-looking for
the new and strange ;
My feet are tired and need a change. Come on ! It's
up to you !

" There ain't no sweet Penelope somewhere that's long-
ing much for me,
But I can smell the blundering sea and hear the rig-
ging hum ;
And I can hear the whispering lips that fly before the
outbound ships,
And I can hear the breakers on the sand a-booming
' Come ! ' "

And then that slim, poetic guy, he turned and looked me
in the eye :
". . . It's overland and overland and overseas to—
where ? "
" Most anywhere that isn't here," I says. His face went
kind of queer :
" The place we're in is always *here*. The other place
is *there*."

He smiled, though, as my eye caught his. " Then what
a lot of *there* there is
To go and see and go and see and go and see some
more."
He did a fancy step or two. Says he, " I think I'll go
with you—"
. . . Two moons, and we were baking in the straits
at Singapore.

Around the world and back again ; we saw it all. The mist and rain
In England, and the dry old plain from Needles to Berdoo.
We kept a-rambling all the time. I rustled grub, he rustled rhyme—
Blind-baggage, hoof it, ride or climb—we always put it through.

Just for a con I'd like to know (yes, he crossed over long ago ;
And he was *right*, believe me, Bo !) if somewhere in the South,
Down where the clouds lie on the sea, he found his sweet Penelope,
With buds of roses in her hair and kisses on her mouth.

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting Winds are loose—
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain ;
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues,
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again !
Who hath seen the beaver busied ? Who hath watched the black-tail mating ?
Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry ?
Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting,
Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly ?

He must go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world he's overdue.
'Send your road is clear before you when the old
Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow
round the bow,
And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose
waits the cow,
And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath
heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's
feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight!
Let him go—go, &c.

I

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know the
racing stream
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may
bask and dream
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and
traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight
on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!
They must go—go, &c.

II

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are steep
and short,
Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers ride ?
Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of
your port
On a coast you've lost the chart of overside ?
It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bale
her—
Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.
He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and
sail and sail her,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go !

He must go—go, &c.

III

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-
dealers trade—
Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo ?
Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-scented
glade
When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap
through ?
It is there that I am going with my camphor, net, and
boxes,
To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—
To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-
foxes,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go !

He must go—go, &c.

IV

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know that windy rift
Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and change ?
Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen drift,
While the head of heads is feeding out of range ?
It is there that I am going, where the boulders and the snow lie,
With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know.
I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the Horns of Ovis Poli,
And the Red Gods call me out and I must go !

He must go—go, &c.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the Smokes of Council rise—
Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they choose—
Now the girths and ropes are tested : now they pack their last supplies :
Now our Young Men go to dance before the Trues !
Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light them to that shrine ?
Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal ?
Unto each the voice and vision : unto each his spoor and sign—
Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath 'neath the Line—

And to each a man that knows his naked soul !
White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting as a lover,
Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—
Where the high grass hides the horseman or the glaring flats discover—

Where the steamer hails the landing, or the surf-boat brings the rover—
Where the rails run out in sand-drift . . . Quick ! ah, heave the camp-kit over,
For the Red Gods make their medicine again !

And we go—go—go away from here !
On the other side the world we're overdue !
'Send the road is clear before you when the old
Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you !

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE HUNTER

" But there was one land he dared not enter."

Beyond the blue, the purple seas,
Beyond the thin horizon's line,
Beyond Antilla, Hebrides,
Jamaica, Cuba, Caribbees,
There lies the land of Yucatan.

The land, the land of Yucatan,
The low coast breaking into foam,
The dim hills where my thoughts shall roam,
The forests of my boyhood's home,
The splendid dream of Yucatan !

I met thee first long, long ago
Turning a printed page, and I
Stared at a world I did not know
And felt my blood like fire flow
At that strange name of Yucatan.

O those sweet, far-off Austral days
When life had a diviner glow,
When hot Suns whipped my blood to know
Things all unseen, then I could go
Into thy heart, O Yucatan!

I have forgotten what I saw,
I have forgotten what I knew,
And many lands I've set sail for
To find that marvellous spell of yore,
Never to set foot on thy shore
O haunting land of Yucatan!

W. J. TURNER

TARANTELLA

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of the tar?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
(Under the vine of the dark verandah)?
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
Who hadn't got a penny,
And who weren't paying any,
And the hammer at the doors and the Din?
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl

Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of the clapper to the spin
Out and in—
And the Ting, Tong, Tang of the Guitar!
Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?

Never more;
Miranda,
Never more.
Only the high peaks hoar:
And Aragon a torrent at the door.
No sound
In the walls of the Halls where falls
The tread
Of the feet of the dead to the ground
No sound:
But the boom
Of the far Waterfall like Doom.

H. BELLOC

THE HEAVENLY HILLS OF HOLLAND

THE heavenly hills of Holland,—
How wondrously they rise
Above the smooth green pastures
Into the azure skies!
With blue and purple hollows,
With peaks of dazzling snow,
Along the far horizon
The clouds are marching slow.

No mortal foot has trodden
The summits of that range,
Nor walked those mystic valleys
Whose colours ever change;
Yet we possess their beauty,
And visit them in dreams,
While the ruddy gold of sunset
From cliff and canyon gleams.

In days of cloudless weather
They melt into the light;
When fog and mist surround us
They're hidden from our sight;
But when returns a season
Clear shining after rain,
While the north-west wind is blowing,
We see the hills again.

The old Dutch painters loved them,
Their pictures show them clear,—
Old Hobbema and Ruysdael,
Van Goyen and Vermeer.
Above the level landscape,
Rich polders, long-armed mills,
Canals and ancient cities,—
Float Holland's heavenly hills.

HENRY VAN DYKE

DENMARK

I LEFT Warnemünde and Germany with a sense of little ease,
because of the trees in Germany, because of the wounded trees

that muttered together sullenly in a dark conspiring crowd,
and when the wind went among them sullenly cried aloud—
But the small first tree of Denmark was a verse (I knew) that had strayed,
a little apart from the others, out of a serenade,
where the slim pink stems were only a note, and the easy stir
of the wind in the needles only the dark musicianer,
and out of the carriage window I suddenly saw (I swear !)
how over the lower branches of my fir-tree there leaped a hare.

I had crossed over to Denmark with the most exalted plans
of writing a Danish epic—why did you slip in, Hans,
with your hare, and your little fir-tree, and your dead-red sand, and then
with all the loves of my childhood and my dreams, Hans Andersen !
It was an Epic poet, that carelessly offered ten mark
to a discontented porter, as he stepped on the shores of Denmark ;
—why did you take him, and change him (confess the whole business and own up !)
into the ghost of his boyhood, who had meant to be far more than grown up !
Ah well ! I surrendered at random, and made no attempt to be too coy
to be caught, and be held, and be dazzled by the old enchanter—Luke-oie.
O little fir-tree of Denmark I passed you by, but I guessed
what star of an unborn Christmas waited against your breast—

somewhere the glass-balls are waiting, and the unlit candles glisten
somewhere, and somewhere the children unborn are singing ! oh listen !
And though, when your Christmas is over, you must lie despoiled in the garden,
yet there is nothing to rail at, fir-tree, nothing to pardon.
For, while you lie there, (it is written) playing his little drum
down through the pipe of the wash-house the lead soldier will come—
Yes, and the darning-needle will boast to the old street-lamp
that she alone is a lady, but the soldier an idle scamp.
All this as the train swept onwards I dreamed, I saw, I heard,
till out of the deep of the forest, as the night came down, a bird,
an unseen bird in the forest sang, like the light of a star
clean through the stems of the fir-trees where no twigs or branches are,
of the great lord in the castle, who only answered " P "
(which, as you know, means nothing) to folk like you and me,
of the little kitchen-maiden, who, though she had scrubbed the floor,
was a better judge of music than a Chinese Emperor.
He sang, as he has been singing this thousand years, again
the tale of the fir, and the water, and the quiet heart of the Dane,
the fir, and the glass-cool water, and the night-sun-haunted sky,
and how we come with the morning, and how with the night we die.

I have seen great Kronborg standing in the red king's robes he wore
when Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, was a prince at Helsingor—
I have seen Fredensborg whiter than the pale white hand of a queen,
and—a water-lily floating—Frederichsborg I have seen.
And yet these castles are shadows, lovely they were and are,
but all their man-made beauty fades by the light of the star,
that struck through the stems of the fir-trees—the evening star, the pale
cool-throated star, that rises with the Danish nightingale.

HUMBERT WOLFE

THE LITTLE BELLS OF SEVILLA

The ladies of Sevilla go forth to take the air,
They loop their lace mantillas, a red rose in their hair ;
Upon the road Delicias their little horses run,
And tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, the bells go every one.

Beside the Guadalquivir, by orange-scented way,
The ladies of Sevilla they come at cool of day ;
They wave their fans coquettish, their black eyes gleam and glow,
And all their little carriage bells a-jingle, jingle, go.

There, too, the caballeros drive in the perfumed breeze,
Upon the road Delicias among the flowering trees ;
Beneath their brown sombreros their dark eyes flame and flash,
And all their little horses' bells right merrily they crash.

Beside the Guadalquivir the hours are very fair,
The nightingale is tuning upon the scented air ;
Oh, laughing Andalusia, beloved of the sun,
Your merry, merry little bells, they call me every one.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

TURN, CHEESES, TURN

Green cheese, yellow laces,
Up and down the market-places,
Turn, cheeses, turn !
Where the orange-lanterns mellow
Moonlight green to flossy yellow,
Where red torches burn.

In bright scarves and white chemises,
In the frill'd and flouncy cheeses
Of the farthingale,
Turn the Spanish maids and ladies
On the seaward place of Cadiz
At the Virgin's sale.

Such a festival of colour
Were a thing unknown in duller
Northern climes of ours ;
Whitest rose to purplest pansy,
All the tones that painters fancy,
Through the scale of flowers.

And against the mat of blossoms,
Scarlet lips and amber bosoms
Flit like tempest-lights,
Till the market's many tables
Seem a garden from the fables
Of Arabian nights.

'Tis the night which priestly learning,
Knowing then all hearts are yearning,
  All forms are fair,
Consecrates unto the Virgin,
For all hearts and lips to merge in
  One perfumèd prayer.

And there is a superstition
That if Hope would have fruition,
  Love-wish come to be,
One must turn and drop nine " cheeses " :
Three for the Father, three for Jesus,
  For the Mother, three.

On this evening of St. Mary,
In the market annuary
  Where all flower-kinds join,
Then of garden-girl or grass-man,
Buy a spotless sprig of jasmine
  With a virgin coin.

If this sprig with Aves laden,
Be presented to the Maiden,
  In her chapel niche,
Love will come : in knightly armour,
Or in Court-robes—as the charmer
  Who may call it, wish.

This is why all maids and ladies,
On the seaward place of Cadiz,
  Where red torches burn,
—Green cheese and yellow laces—
Up and down the market-places,
  Turn, cheeses, turn.

DANIEL HENRY HOLMES

THE ROAD TO TARTARY

O Arab ! much I fear thou at Mecca's shrine wilt never be,
For the road that thou art going is the road to Tartary.
Sa'di.

I left the dusty travelled road the proper people tread—
Like solemn sheep they troop along, Tradition at their head ;
I went by meadow, stream, and wood ; I wandered at my will ;
And in my wayward ears a cry of warning echoed still :
" Beware ! beware ! "—an old refrain they chanted after me—
" ' The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary.' "

I clambered over dawn-lit hills—the dew was on my feet ;
I crossed the sullen pass at night in wind and rain and sleet ;
I followed trains of errant thought through heaven and earth and hell,
And thence I seemed to hear again that unctuous farewell,
For there I dreamed the little fiends were pointing all at me :
" The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary."

From all the pious wrangling sects I set my spirit free :
I own no creed but God and Love and Immortality.
Their dogmas and their disciplines are dust and smoke and cloud ;
They cannot see my sunlit way ; and still they cry aloud,

From church, conventicle, and street, that warning
old to me :
" The road that thou art going is the road to
Tartary."

I found a woman God had made, the blind world
tossed aside—
It had not dreamed the greatness hid in poverty and
pride.
I left the world to walk with her and talk with her and
learn
The secret things of happiness—and will I now return
To that blind, prudish world that shrugs and lifts
its brows at me :
" The road that thou art going is the road to
Tartary " ?

Nay ; we will go together, Love—we two to greet the
sun.
There are more roads than one to heaven, perhaps
more heavens than one.
Here on the lonely heights we see things hid from those
who tread
Like sheep the dusty trodden way, Tradition at their
head.
We sense the common goal of all—in Mecca we
shall be,
Though the road that we are going seem the road
to Tartary.

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

LAUDABUNT ALII

THERE are some that long for a limpid lake by a blue
Italian shore,
Or a palm-grove out where the rollers break and the
coral beaches roar ;
There are some for the land of the Japanee, and the
tea-girls' twinkling feet ;
And some for the isles of the summer sea, afloat in
the dancing heat ;
And others are exiles all their days, midst black or white
or brown,
Who yearn for the clashing of crowded ways, and the
lights of London town.

But always I would wish to be where the seasons gently
fall
On the Further Isle of the Outer Sea, the last little
isle of all.
A fair green land of hill and plain, of rivers and water-
springs,
Where the sun still follows after the rain, and ever the
hours have wings,
With its bosomed valleys where men may find retreat
from the rough world's way,
Where the sea-wind kisses the mountain-wind between
the dark and the day.

The combers swing from the China Sea to the California
Coast,
The North Atlantic takes toll and fee of the best of the
Old World's boast.

And the waves run high with the tearing crash that the
Cape-bound steamers fear—
But they're not so free as the waves that lash the rocks
by Sumner pier.
And wheresoever my body be, my heart remembers still
The purple shadows upon the sea, low down from
Sumner hill.

The warm winds blow through Kuringai ; the cool
winds from the South
Drive little clouds across the sky by Sydney harbour-
mouth ;
But Sydney Heads feel no such breeze as comes from
nor'-west rain
And takes the pines and the blue-gum trees by hill and
gorge and plain,
And whistles down from Porter's Pass, over the fields
of wheat,
And brings a breath of tussock grass into a Christchurch
street.

Or the East wind dropping its sea-born rain, or the
South wind wild and loud
Comes up and over the waiting plain, with a banner of
driving cloud ;
And if dark clouds bend to the teeming earth, and the
hills are dimmed with rain,
There is only to wait for a new day's birth and the hills
stand out again.
For no less sure than the rising sun, and no less glad
to see,
Is the lifting sky when the rain is done and the wet
grass rustles free.

Some day we may drop the Farewell Light, and lose
the winds of home—
But where shall we win to a land so bright, however
far we roam?
We shall long for the fields of Maoriland, to pass as
we used to pass
Knee-deep in the seeding tussock, and the long lush
English-grass.
And we may travel a weary way ere we come to a sight
as grand
As the lingering flash of the sun's last ray on the peaks
of Maoriland.

ERNEST CURRIE

LICHTENBERG

(New South Wales Contingent)

Smells are surer than sounds or sights
To make your heart-strings crack—
They start those awful voices o' nights
That whisper, "Old man, come back!"
That must be why the big things pass
And the little things remain,
Like the smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain.

There was some silly fire on the flank
And the small wet drizzling down—
There were the sold-out shops and the bank
And the wet, wide-open town;
And we were doing escort-duty
To somebody's baggage-train,
And I smelt wattle by Lichtenberg—
Riding in in the rain.

It was all Australia to me—
  All I had found or missed :
Every face I was crazy to see,
  And every woman I'd kissed :
All that I shouldn't ha' done, God knows !
  (As He knows I'll do it again),
That smell of the wattle round Lichtenberg,
  Riding in, in the rain !

And I saw Sydney the same as ever,
  The picnics and brass-bands ;
And my little homestead on Hunter River
  And my new vines joining hands.
It all came over me in one act
  Quick as a shot through the brain—
With the smell of the wattle round Lichtenberg,
  Riding in, in the rain.

I have forgotten a hundred fights,
  But one I shall not forget—
With the raindrops bunging up my sights
  And my eyes bunged up with wet ;
And through the crack and the stink of the cordite
  (Ah Christ ! My country again !)
The smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,
  Riding in, in the rain !

RUDYARD KIPLING

BALLADE OF YOUTH REMAINING

Pardon if I ravel rhyme
  Out of my head disorderly !
Forgetting how the rats of time
  Are nibbling at the bones of me !

But while upon my legs I'm free
Out in the sunlight I intend
To dine with God prodigiously :
Youth is a splendid thing to spend !

Here's to the man who travels still
In the light of young discoveries !
Here's to the fellow of lusty will,
Who drives along and hardly sees
For glamour of great realities
The doom of age ! This line I send
To all who sing hot litanies :
Youth is a splendid thing to spend !

But 'tis not all a matter of years :
'Tis a way of living handily
In a game with Life, while yet appears
A glory near of victory ;
With ventures high, and gallantry
Twinkling 'round the nearest bend
Where damsels and fine dangers be :
Youth is a splendid thing to spend !

Fellows, come and ride with me
Swiftly now to the edge of the end,
Holding the Stars of Joy in fee !—
Youth is a splendid thing to spend !

TOM MAC INNES

THE ENCHANTED TRAVELLER

We travelled empty-handed
With hearts all fear above,
For we ate the bread of friendship,
We drank the wine of love.

Through many a wondrous autumn,
Through many a magic spring,
We hailed the scarlet banners,
We heard the bluebird sing.

We looked on life and nature
With the eager eyes of youth,
And all we asked or cared for
Was beauty, joy, and truth.

We found no other wisdom,
We learned no other way,
Than the gladness of the morning,
The glory of the day.

So all our earthly treasure
Shall go with us, my dears,
Aboard the Shadow Liner,
Across the sea of years.

BLISS CARMAN

THE SEA

ROADWAYS

One road leads to London,
  One road runs to Wales,
My road leads me seawards
  To the white dipping sails.

One road leads to the river,
  As it goes singing slow;
My road leads to shipping,
  Where the bronzed sailors go.

Leads me, lures me, calls me
  To salt green tossing sea;
A road without earth's road-dust
  Is the right road for me.

A wet road heaving, shining,
  And wild with seagulls' cries,
A mad salt sea-wind blowing
  The salt spray in my eyes.

My road calls me, lures me
  West, east, south, and north;
Most roads lead men homewards,
  My road leads me forth

To add more miles to the tally
  Of grey miles left behind,
In quest of that one beauty
  God put me here to find.

JOHN MASEFIELD

FOLLOW THE SEA

"WHAT is it makes a man follow the sea?
Ask me another!" says Billy Magee:
"Maybe it's liquor and maybe it's love—
Maybe it's likin' to be on the move—
Maybe the salt drop that runs in his blood
Won't let his killick lie snug in the mud:
What is it makes such poor idjits as me
Follow the sea—follow the sea? . . .
Jiggered if I know!" says Billy Magee.

"What is it keeps a chap rollin' around
All his life long from the Skaw to the Sound?
Samplin' the weathers from Hull to Rangoon—
Doldrums an' westerlies, Trade an' typhoon—
Hurricane, cyclone an' southerly buster—
In any old drogher as flies the Red Duster?
What is it makes a chap follow the sea—
Follow the sea—follow the sea—
Bust me if I know!" says Billy Magee.

"What is it makes a man stick to the sea?
Ah, you may ask me!" says Billy Magee.
"Stick to it hungry, an' stick to it cold,
Stick to it after he's broken and old,
Freeze in the Forties an' sweat on the Line,
Shiver an' burn in the rain an' the shine,
Stick it until he can't stick it no more—
Curse it an' leave it for something ashore—
Chuck up his shore job an' follow the sea—
Stick to an' live by an' die by the sea?
Search me if I know!" says Billy Magee.

C. FOX SMITH

SHIPS OF YULE

When I was just a little boy,
Before I went to school,
I had a fleet of forty sail
I called the Ships of Yule;

Of every rig, from rakish brig
And gallant barkentine,
To little Fundy fishing boats
With gunwales painted green.

They used to go on trading trips
Around the world for me,
For though I had to stay on shore,
My heart was on the sea.

They stopped at every port to call
From Babylon to Rome,
To load with all the lovely things
We never had at home;

With elephants and ivory
Bought from the King of Tyre,
And shells and silk and sandal-wood
That sailor-men admire;

With figs and dates from Samarcand,
And squatty ginger-jars,
And scented silver amulets
From Indian bazaars;

With sugar-cane from port of Spain,
And monkeys from Ceylon,
And paper lanterns from Pekin
With painted dragons on;

With cocoanuts from Zanzibar,
And pines from Singapore;
And when they had unloaded these
They could go back for more.

And even after I was big
And had to go to school,
My mind was often far away,
Aboard the Ships of Yule.

BLISS CARMAN

SMELLS

Why is it that the poets tell
So little of the sense of smell?
These are the odours I love well:

The smell of coffee freshly ground;
Or rich plum pudding, holly crowned;
Or onions fried and deeply browned.

The fragrance of a fumy pipe;
The smell of apples, newly ripe;
And printers' ink on leaden type.

Woods by moonlight in September
Breathe most sweet; and I remember
Many a smoky camp-fire ember.

Camphor, turpentine, and tea,
The balsam of a Christmas tree,
These are whiffs of gramarye . . .
A ship smells best of all to me!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE RAMSHACKLE SAILOR

O, RAMSHACKLE sailor, now why do they glisten,
Those eyes that are salt with the tide they unlock ?—
They've sighted the land, and the flag's at the mizzen ;
On shore ! O now listen !
The chime of a clock
And waters that glisten and shake to the shock !

O, ramshackle sailor, now why do they twinkle,
Those eyes once again at the sight of old Thames ?—
It's happy I am for to hear the bells tinkle,
And see the lamps sprinkle
Their little gold gems
That tumble and twinkle in old Father Thames.

O, ramshackle sailor, now why are they twirling,
Those feet that move light as though treading on air ?—
O somewhere on land I can bear the loud skirling
Of pipes to the swirling
Of roundabouts there,
Where lasses go whirling and naptha's a-flare.

O, ramshackle sailor, now where are you going
Along the dry causey and all of a grin ?—
Who rides on the horses I'd like to be knowing,
And how the wind's blowing
Inside of the Inn,
And if a lad's bowing the old violin.

WILFRID THORLEY

THE OLD SHIPS

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire ;
And all those ships were certainly so old
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,
Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell-raked them till they rolled
Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen,
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,
A drowsy ship of some yet older day ;
And, wonder's breath indrawn,
Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in that same
(Fished up beyond Ææa, patched up new
—Stern painted brighter blue—)
That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
And with great lies about his wooden horse
Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows ?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the mast burst open with a rose,
And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

PORT O' DREAMS

"THERE's a deal o' ports," said Murphy, "an' I guess
I've sampled most—
Round about the Gulf o' Guinea, up an' down the Chili
coast,
In the Black sea an' the Baltic an' the China seas I've
been,
An' the North Sea an' the South Sea an' the places in
between.

An' the ports as look the finest turns out some'ow worst
of all—
For I lost my chum in Rio in a Dago dancin' 'all,
An' I lost my bloomin' 'eart once to a wench in Callao,
An' I lost my youth in Frisco . . . but that's years an'
years ago.

But there's one I've never sighted out of all the ports
there be:
It's a place a feller talked of as was shipmates once with
me
In the hooker *Maid of Athens*—she was one of Dunc
Macneill's,
She went missin' many a year since bound from Steves-
ton home with deals.

An' this feller said the drinks there are the best a man
could find,
An' a sailor's always welcome, an' the girls are always
kind,
An' there's dancin' an' there's singin' an' there's every
sort o' fun
In the plaza of an evenin' when the lazy day is done.

An' the blessed old Pacific, he keeps singin' like a psalm
To the shippin' in the roadstead an' the firefly in the palm,
An' the days are never scorchin' an' the nights are never 'ot
In that port 'e used to yarn of with the name I've clean forgot.

An' I'll never fetch that harbour, but it's maybe for the best,
For I daresay if I found it it'd be like all the rest,
An' I like to think it's waitin', waitin' all the while for me,
With the red wine an' the white wine an' the dancin' an' the spree,
An' the fireflies gleamin' golden in the palms I'll never see ! "

C. FOX SMITH

MEMORIES

" SHIPS . . . they go," said Murphy, " like a spent pay-roll . . .
They're sunk in the deep water or they're wrecked in the shoal ;
Burnt or scrapped in the long run, the big ships an' small,—
An' the ships a man remembers, they're the best ships of all.

" Friends . . . they go," said Murphy, " the false an' the true,
They all go at the finish, the same as the ships do ;
They go like a spree that's ended or a last year's song,
But the friends a man remembers, they're his own his life long.

" Times . . . they pass," said Murphy, " the fair and foul weather,
The good times an' the bad times, they all pass together ;
Like a steersman's trick that's ended, or a blown-out squall . . .
An' the times a man remembers . . . they're the best times of all ! "

C. FOX SMITH

EXILED

SEARCHING my heart for its true sorrow,
This is the thing I find to be :
That I am weary of words and people,
Sick of the city, wanting the sea ;

Wanting the sticky, salty sweetness
Of the strong wind and shattered spray ;
Wanting the loud sound and the soft sound
Of the big surf that breaks all day.

Always before about my dooryard,
Marking the reach of the winter sea,
Rooted in sand and dragging drift-wood,
Straggled the purple wild sweet-pea ;

Always I climbed the wave at morning,
Shook the sand from my shoes at night,
That now am caught beneath great buildings
Stricken with noise, confused with light.

If I could hear the green piles groaning
Under the windy wooden piers,
See once again the bobbing barrels,
And the black sticks that fence the weirs,

If I could see the weedy mussels
Crusting the wrecked and rotting hulls,
Hear once again the hungry crying
Overhead, of the wheeling gulls,

Feel once again the shanty straining
Under the turning of the tide,
Fear once again the rising freshet,
Dread the bell in the fog outside,

I should be happy,—that was happy
All day long on the coast of Maine!
I have a need to hold and handle
Shells and anchors and ships again!

I should be happy, that am happy
Never at all since I came here.
I am too long away from water.
I have a need of water near.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

THE SWIMMER'S RACE

I

BETWEEN the clover and the trembling sea
They stand upon the golden-shadowed shore
In naked boyish beauty, a strenuous three,
Hearing the breakers' deep Olympic roar;
Three young athletes poised on a forward limb,
Mirrored like marble in the smooth wet sand,
Three statues, unlike marble, born to die.
The blue horizon rim
Recedes, recedes upon a lovelier land,
And England dreams beneath a Grecian sky.

II

The dome of heaven is like one drop of dew,
Quivering and clear and cloudless, but for one
Crisp bouldered Alpine range that blinds the blue
With snowy gorges glittering to the sun :
Forward the runners lean, with outstretched hand
Waiting the word—see, how the light relieves
The silken rippling muscles as they start
Spurning brown clots of sand,
Then skimming lightlier till the goal receives
The winner, head thrown back and lips apart.

III

Now on a dry grey sun-kissed dune they lie
At rest for a moment, panting as they breathe,
And gazing upward at the unbounded sky
Sink slowly into the drifting sand beneath.
Their hands among the wild sea-poppies stray
And through their fingers let the warm sand stream
Over them, dusking all their sun-burnt white
With veils of silver grey,
Till, mixed into the distant gazer's dream
Of earth and heaven, they seem to sink from sight.

IV

But one, athirst for the salt breeze, oppressed
With heat, has cast his brown young body free :
With arms behind his head and heaving breast
He lies and gazes at the cool bright sea ;
So young Leander, dreaming at high noon
Of Hero, longed to see the twilight drown
All but her star across that waste of waves ;
Nor could he dream how soon
Those colder breasts than hers must draw him down
To crueller kisses, in their dark sea-caves.

V

Now to their feet they leap and, with a shout,
  Plunge through the glittering breakers without fear,
Breast the green-arching billows, and still out,
  As if each dreamed the arms of Hero near ;
Now like three sunbeams through the surf they dart ;
  Now like three foam-flakes melting out of sight,
    They are blent with all the glory of all the sea ;
      Buried in beauty's heart ;
  Merged in a myriad waves of mystic light
    As life is lost in immortality.

ALFRED NOYES

LOVERS

A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS

When Spring comes laughing
By vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking
And daffodil,—
Sing stars of morning,
Sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell,—
And my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer,
Full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip
The orchard long,—
Sing hid, sweet honey
That no bee sips;
Sing red, red roses,—
And my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters
The leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury
The broad-wheeled wain,—
Sing flutes of harvest
Where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers,—
And my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter
With hail and storm,
And red fire roaring
And ingle warm,—
Sing first sad going
Of friends that part;
Then sing glad meeting,—
And my Love's heart.

AUSTIN DOBSON

SPACE

Scorn not because my body lives
In such a little place;
Think how my mind, on that account,
Inhabits greater space.

My smallest blossom sometimes is
The Moon or setting Sun;
Seas are my pearls, and forests vast
Have no more trees than one!

The finest scarf or collar made,
To keep a woman warm,
By night or day, on sea or land,
Is still a lover's arm.

W. H. DAVIES

THE VINE

The wine of Love is music,
And the feast of Love is song:
And when Love sits down to the banquet,
Love sits long:

Sits long and arises drunken,
But not with the feast and the wine;
He reeleth with his own heart,
That great, rich Vine.

JAMES THOMSON

DUST

When the white flame in us is gone,
And we that lost the world's delight
Stiffen in darkness, left alone
To crumble in our separate night;

When your swift hair is quiet in death,
And through the lips corruption thrust
Has stilled the labour of my breath—
When we are dust, when we are dust!—

Not dead, not undesirous yet,
Still sentient, still unsatisfied,
We'll ride the air, and shine, and flit,
Around the places where we died,

And dance as dust before the sun,
And light of foot, and unconfined,
Hurry from road to road, and run
About the errands of the wind.

And every mote, on earth or air,
Will speed and gleam, down later days,
And like a secret pilgrim fare
By eager and invisible ways,

Nor ever rest, nor ever lie,
Till, beyond thinking, out of view,
One mote of all the dust that's I
Shall meet one atom that was you.

Then in some garden hushed from wind,
Warm in a sunset's afterglow,
The lovers in the flowers will find
A sweet and strange unquiet grow

Upon the peace; and, past desiring,
So high a beauty in the air,
And such a light, and such a quiring,
And such a radiant ecstasy there,

They'll know not if it's fire, or dew,
Or out of earth, or in the height,
Singing, or flame, or scent, or hue,
Or two that pass, in light, to light,

Out of the garden, higher, higher . . .
But in that instant they shall learn
The shattering fury of our fire,
And the weak passionless hearts will burn

And faint in that amazing glow,
Until the darkness close above;
And they will know—poor fools, they'll know!—
One moment, what it is to love.

RUPERT BROOKE

TO AN ISLE IN THE WATER

Shy one, shy one,
Shy one of my heart,
She moves in the firelight
Pensively apart.

She carries in the dishes,
And lays them in a row.
To an isle in the water
With her would I go.

She carries in the candles,
And lights the curtained room,
Shy in the doorway
And shy in the gloom;

And shy as a rabbit,
Helpful and shy.
To an isle in the water
With her would I fly.

W. B. YEATS

YUKI

When cherry flowers begin to blow
With Yuki's face beneath them,
The richest petals lose their glow,
And small buds haste to sheath them.

When blue wistaria hangs its head
And Yuki leans above it,
The swallow flits discomforted,—
With none to see or love it.

When lotus blossoms open wide,
And beckon men to dreaming,
My Yuki smiles,—and all their pride
Is but a perfumed seeming.

When snow is white on moat and tree
And crusts each bamboo feather,
My Yuki lifts her eyes to me,—
'Tis all I know of weather.

MARY MCNEIL FENOLLOSA

BAB-LOCK-HYTHE

In the time of wild roses
As up Thames we travelled
Where 'mid water-reeds ravelled
The lily uncloses,

To his old shores the river
A new song was singing,
And young shoots were springing
On old roots for ever.

Dog-daisies were dancing,
And flags flamed in cluster,
On the dark stream a lustre
Now blurred and now glancing.

A tall reed down-weighing
The sedge-warbler fluttered;
One sweet note he uttered,
Then left it soft-swaying.

By the bank's sandy hollow
My dipt oars went beating,
And past our bows fleeting
Blue-backed shone the swallow.

High woods, heron-haunted,
Rose, changed, as we rounded
Old hills greenly mounded,
To meadows enchanted.

A dream ever moulded
Afresh for our wonder,
Still opening asunder
For the stream many-folded;

Till sunset was rimming
The West with pale flushes;
Behind the black rushes
The last light was dimming;

And the lonely stream, hiding
Shy birds, grew more lonely,
And with us was only
The noise of our gliding.

In cloud of gray weather
The evening o'erdarkened,
In the stillness we hearkened;
Our hearts sang together.

LAURENCE BINYON

PALABRAS CARIÑOSAS

GOOD-NIGHT! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto the slender hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say Good-night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my farewells. Till then, good-night!

You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago—
What, both these snowy hands! ah, then
I'll have to say Good-night again!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

STARLIGHT

With two bright eyes, my star, my love,
Thou lookest on the stars above:
Ah, would that I the heaven might be
With a million eyes to look on thee.

HENRY VAN DYKE

DOMESTICITY

SWEET STAY-AT-HOME

SWEET Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-content,
Thou knowest of no strange continent:
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep
A gentle motion with the deep;
Thou hast not sailed in Indian seas,
Where scent comes forth in every breeze.
Thou hast not seen the rich grape grow
For miles, as far as eyes can go;
Thou hast not seen a summer's night
When maids could sew by a worm's light;
Nor the North Sea in spring send out
Bright hues that like birds flit about
In solid cages of white ice—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Love-one-place.
Thou hast not seen black fingers pick
White cotton when the bloom is thick,
Nor heard black throats in harmony;
Nor hast thou sat on stones that lie
Flat on the earth, that once did rise
To hide proud kings from common eyes.
Thou hast not seen plains full of bloom
Where green things had such little room
They pleased the eye like fairer flowers—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, all these long hours.
Sweet Well-content, sweet Love-one-place,
Sweet, simple maid, bless thy dear face;
For thou hast made more homely stuff
Nurture thy gentle self enough;
I love thee for a heart that's kind—
Not for the knowledge in thy mind.

W. H. DAVIES

DEDICATION FOR A FIREPLACE

THIS hearth was built for thy delight,
For thee the logs were sawn,
For thee the largest chair, at night,
Is to the chimney drawn.

For thee, dear lass, the match was lit
To yield the ruddy blaze—
May Jack Frost give us joy of it
For many, many days.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WHEN SHE COMES HOME

WHEN she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble—yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
Then silence: and the perfume of her dress:
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight—soulsight, even—for a space;
And tears—yes; and the ache here in the throat,
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

AUDREY

AUDREY knoweth naught of books,
Naught to captivate the wise;
But the soul of goodness looks
Through the quiet of her eyes.

She can bake and she can knit,
  Cunningly she wields the broom,
All her pleasure is to sit
  In a neatly order'd room. . . .

Touchstone, shaping a career,
  Shines at each exclusive house:
" Such a clever man, my dear,
  Tied to—just ' a country mouse ' !

" Married ere he dream'd of *us*,
  Ere he knew what gifts he had—
Strange that Fate should yoke him thus,
  And very, very, very sad ! "

Touchstone (let them mark it well),
  When the social round is trod,
Bored by dame and demoiselle,
  Goes home softly, thanking God.

T. W. H. CROSLAND

TRULY GREAT

My walls outside must have some flowers,
  My walls within must have some books,
A house that's small; a garden large,
  And in it leafy nooks.

A little gold that's sure each week;
  That comes not from my living kind,
But from a dead man in his grave,
  Who cannot change his mind.

A lovely wife, and gentle too;
  Contented that no eyes but mine
Can see her many charms, nor voice
  To call her beauty fine.

Where she would in that stone cage live,
  A self-made prisoner, with me ;
While many a wild bird sang around,
  On gate, on bush, on tree.

And she sometimes to answer them,
  In her far sweeter voice than all ;
Till birds, that loved to look on leaves,
  Will doat on a stone wall.

With this small house, this garden large,
  This little gold, this lovely mate,
With health in body, peace at heart—
  Show me a man more great.

W. H. DAVIES

CHILDREN

DAUGHTERS AND MOTHERS

Oh, yes, my dear, you have a Mother,
And she, when young, was loved by another,
And in that mother's nursery
Played *her* mamma, like you and me.
When that mamma was tiny as you
She had a happy mother too :
On, on. . . . Yes, presto ! Puff ! Pee-fee !—
And Grandam Eve and the apple-tree.
O, into distance, smalling, dimming,
Think of that endless row of women,
Like beads, like posts, like lamps, they seem—
Grey-green willows, and life a stream—
Laughing and sighing and lovely ; and, Oh,
You to be next in that long row.

WALTER DE LA MARE

SECRET LAUGHTER

"I had a secret laughter."—*Walter de la Mare*

THERE is a secret laughter
That often comes to me,
And though I go about my work
As humble as can be,
There is no prince or prelate
I envy—no, not one.
No evil can befall me—
By God, I have a son!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE NEW ARRIVAL

THERE came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked and looked—and laughed!
It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the Unknown water,
And moor herself within my room—
My daughter! O, my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all
She's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned in hope and love—
And common-metre rhymes.
She has no manifest but this;
No flag floats o'er the water;
She's too new for the British Lloyds—
My daughter! O, my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells—and tame ones too ;
  Ring out the lover's moon.
Ring in the little worsted socks,
  Ring in the bib and spoon.
Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,
  Ring in the milk and water.
Away with paper, pen, and ink—
  My daughter ! O, my daughter !

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE

SUNDAY TEA

Joan, Ruth, John,
Have put their finery on,
And down the stairs they trip,
Scuffle and pause and slip
Like ghosts through the drawing-room door
And over the polished floor,
To the table set for tea,
  One, two, three.

Joan, Ruth, John,
Are busy with sandwich and scone,
And Joan her fancy takes
Of a dish of coloured cakes,
Pink, chocolate, white ;
But Ruth is lost to sight
Behind a monster bun,
And John at last has won
To Plum Cake,—such a lump—
  Chump, chump, chump !

Joan, Ruth, John—
The talk goes on and on,
But quiet as mice they sit.
Joan's eyes like fairies flit

Behind their solemn glass,
Flit and hover and pass
From face to talking face.
But Ruth turns in her place
And leans against her chair
Her wreath of red-gold hair,—
Through talk, through silences,
As still as marble is. . . .
But from that deep repose
The questing spirit goes,
And past those quiet eyes
The waving forests rise,
Older than time is, haunted
By beauty seen or chanted
Since first the moon shone white
On dancers of the night,
Goddess and nymph, and One
Who wanders, moon or sun,
Singing his sorrow mute
Upon a reedy flute.
O stir, child—for Pan peers
And pipes to troubled ears;
The spirits of woodland wake—

But John's still busy with cake.

P. H. B. LYON

GOLDEN STOCKINGS

Golden stockings you had on
In the meadow where you ran;
And your little knees together
Bobbed like pippins in the weather

When the breezes rush and fight
For those dimples of delight;
And they dance from the pursuit,
And the leaf looks like the fruit.

I have many a sight in mind
That would last if I were blind;
Many verses I could write
That would bring me many a sight.
Now I only see but one,
See you running in the sun;
And the gold-dust coming up
From the trampled butter-cup.

OLIVER ST. J. GOGARTY

TO BARBARA, AGED THIRTEEN

BARBARA, though you aren't a boy,
As you'd have liked, I wish you joy,
And all the things that I think best—
Laughter, a Home, a Heart at rest,
Old books and Love, to make you wise,
A man, like you, with steady eyes:
Children, tribes of them (and they'll fight,
And ask you questions day and night);
And, Barbara, when you've got to die,
A grand-daughter to say good-bye.

A. S. LE MAITRE

DAISY

WHERE the thistle lifts a purple crown
Six foot out of the turf,
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—
O the breath of the distant surf!—

The hills look over on the South,
And southward dreams the sea;
And with the sea-breeze hand in hand
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine:
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,
Nor knew her own sweet way;
But there's never a bird, so sweet a song
Thronged in whose throat that day.

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day!

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face;
She gave me tokens three:—
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word,—strings of sand!
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

For standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end,
Their scent survives their close :
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose.

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way :—
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad ;
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still
Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan ;
For we are born in other's pain,
And perish in our own.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

THE HAPPY CHILD

I saw this day sweet flowers grow thick—
But not one like the child did pick.

I heard the packhounds in green park—
But no dog like the child heard bark.

I heard this day bird after bird—
But not one like the child has heard.

A hundred butterflies saw I—
But not one like the child saw fly.

I saw the horses roll in grass—
But no horse like the child saw pass.

My world this day has lovely been—
But not like what the child has seen.

W. H. DAVIES

BOOKS

A BOOK

He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!

Emily Dickinson

THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME

When the ways are heavy with mire and rut,
In November fogs, in December snows,
When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
And the jasmine-stars at the casement climb,
And a Rosalind-face at the lattice shows,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,
When the reason stands on its squarest toes,
When the mind (like a beard) has a "formal cut,"—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,
And the young year draws to the "golden prime,"
And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a rose,—
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts have a pedant-strut,
In a changing quarrel of "Ayes" and "Noes,"
In a starched procession of "If" and "But,"—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a soft glance softer grows
And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,
And the secret is told "that no one knows,"—
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

Envoy

In the work-a-day world,—or its needs and woes,
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

AUSTIN DOBSON

THE SULTAN OF MY BOOKS

'here is many a true word spoken in doggerel.—*Czech Folk-Song.*

Come hither, my Wither,
My Suckling, my Dryden!
My Hudibras, hither!
My Heinsius from Leyden!
Dear Play-books in quarto,
Fat tomes in brown leather
Stray never too far to
Come back here together!

I've varied departments
To give my books shelter;
Shelves, open apartments
For tomes helter-skelter;
These are artisans' flats, fit
For common editions,—
I find them, as that's fit,
Good wholesome positions.

But books that I cherish
Live under glass cases;
In the waste lest they perish
I build them oases;
Where gas cannot find them,
Where worms cannot grapple,
Those panes hold behind them
My eye and its apple.

And here you see flirting
Fine folks of distinction:
Unique books just skirting
The verge of extinction;

Old texts with one error
And long notes upon it;
The "Magistrates' Mirror"
(With Nottingham's sonnet);

Tooled Russias to gaze on,
Moroccos to fondle,
My Denham, in blazon,
My vellum-backed Vondel,
My Marvell,—a copy
Was never seen taller,—
My Jones's "Love's Poppy,"
My dear little Waller;

I never upbraid these
Old periwigged sinners,
Their songs and light ladies,
Their dances and dinners;
My book-shelf's a haven
From storms puritanic,—
Why need they be craven?
Of death they've no panic!

My book-room is little,
And poor are its treasures;
All pleasures are brittle,
And so are my pleasures;
But though I shall never
Be Beckford or Locker,
While Fate does not sever
The door from the knocker,

No book shall tap vainly
At latch or at lattice
(If costumed urbanely,
And worth our care, that is);

In winter or summer,
My bards in morocco,
Shall shield the new comer
From storm or sirocco.

. . . . .

I might prate thus for pages,
The theme is so pleasant;
But the gloom of the ages
Lies on me at present;
All business and fear to
The cold world I banish.
Hush! like the Ameer, to
My harem I vanish!

EDMUND GOSSE

BALLADE OF TRUE WISDOM

WHILE others are asking for beauty or fame,
Or praying to know that for which they should pray,
Or courting Queen Venus, that affable dame,
Or chasing the Muses, the weary and gray,
The sage has found out a more excellent way,—
To Pan and to Pallas his incense he showers,
And his humble petition puts up day by day,
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

Inventors may bow to the God that is lame,
And crave from the light of his stithy a ray;
Philosophers kneel to the God without name,
Like the people of Athens, agnostics are they;
The hunter a fawn to Diana will slay,
The maiden wild roses will wreathe for the Hours,—
But the wise man will ask, ere libation he pay,
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

Oh grant me a life without pleasure or blame
(As mortals count pleasure who rush through their day
With a speed to which that of the tempest is tame),
Oh grant me a house by the beach of a bay,
Where the waves can be surly in winter, and play
With the sea-weed in summer, ye bountiful powers!
And I'd leave all the hurry, the noise, and the fray,
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

ENVOY

Gods, give or withhold it! Your "yea" and your "nay"
Are immutable, heedless of outcry of ours;
But life *is* worth living, and here we would stay
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

ANDREW LANG

THE BIBLIOMANIAC'S PRAYER

KEEP me, I pray, in wisdom's way,
That I may truths eternal seek;
I need protecting care to-day,—
My purse is light, my flesh is weak.
So banish from my erring heart
All baleful appetites and hints
Of Satan's fascinating art,
Of first editions, and of prints.
Direct me in some godly walk
Which leads away from bookish strife,
That I with pious deed and talk
May extra-illustrate my life.

But if, O Lord, it pleaseth Thee
To keep me in temptation's way,
I humbly ask that I may be
Most notably beset to-day;
Let my temptation be a book,
Which I shall purchase, hold and keep,
Whereon, when other men shall look,
They'll wail to know I got it cheap.
Oh, let it such a volume be
As in rare copperplates abounds,
Large paper, clean, and fair to see,
Uncut, unique, unknown to Lowndes.

EUGENE FIELD

LOVELY DAMES

Few are my books, but my small few have told
Of many a lovely dame that lived of old;
And they have made me see those fatal charms
Of Helen, which brought Troy so many harms:
And lovely Venus, when she stood so white
Close to her husband's forge in its red light.
I have seen Dian's beauty in my dreams,
When she had trained her looks in all the streams
She crossed to Latmos and Endymion;
And Cleopatra's eyes, that hour they shone
The brighter for a pearl she drank to prove
How poor it was compared to her rich love:
But when I look on thee, love, thou dost give
Substance to those fine ghosts, and make them live.

W. H. DAVIES

FAIRY TALES

(A DEDICATION)

Books Yellow, Red, and Green and Blue,
All true, or just as good as true,
And here's the Yellow Book for *you !*

Hard is the path from A to Z,
And puzzling to a curly head,
Yet leads to books—Green, Blue and Red.

For every child should understand
That letters from the first were planned
To guide us into Fairy Land.

So labour at your alphabet,
For by that learning shall you get
To lands where fairies may be met.

And going where this pathway goes
You too, at last, may find—who knows ?—
The garden of the Singing Rose.

ANDREW LANG

PHILOSOPHY

GREAT THINGS

Sweet cyder is a great thing,
  A great thing to me,
Spinning down to Weymouth town
  By Ridgway thirstily,
And maid and mistress summoning
  Who tend the hostelry :
O cyder is a great thing,
  A great thing to me !

The dance it is a great thing,
  A great thing to me,
With candles lit and partners fit
  For night-long revelry ;
And going home when day-dawning
  Peeps pale upon the lea :
O dancing is a great thing,
  A great thing to me !

Love is, yea, a great thing,
  A great thing to me,
When, having drawn across the lawn
  In darkness silently,
A figure flits like one a-wing
  Out from the nearest tree :
O love is, yes, a great thing,
  A great thing to me !

Will these be always great things,
  Great things to me ?
Let it befall that One will call,
  " Soul, I have need of thee " :
What then ? Joy-jaunts, impassioned flings,
  Love, and its ecstasy,
Will always have been great things,
  Great things to me !

THOMAS HARDY

STUDENT SONG

THEY say that at the core of it
This life is all regret;
But we've scarce yet learned the lore of it,
We're only youngsters yet.
We only ask some more of it, some more of it,
We only ask some more of it,
—The less we're like to get!

Though ill may be the close of it,
It's fair enough at morn;
And the manner to dispose of it
Is just to pluck the rose of it
When first the rose is born.
Is first to pluck the rose of it, the rose of it, the rose of it,
Is just to pluck the rose of it,
The de'il may take the thorn!

The opinions of the old of it
Depict a doleful land;
For the guide-books that are sold of it,
The ill that we are told of it,
Would make Columbus stand.
But come let's take a hold of it, a hold of it, a hold of it,
But come let's take a hold of it
With Alexander's hand.

When sages call the roll of it
How sad their looks appear!
But there's fire in every coal of it
And hope is in the soul of it
And never a word of fear.
So love we then the whole of it, the whole of it, the whole of it,
So love we then the whole of it
For as long as we are here.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A PERSIAN'S CREED

THE things of this world from end to end are the goal of desire and greed,
And I set before this heart of mine the things which I most need,
But a score of things I have chosen out of the world's unnumbered throng,
That in quest of these I my soul may please and speed my life along.
Verse, and song, and minstrelsy, and wine full-flavoured and sweet,
Backgammon, and chess, and the hunting-ground, and the falcon and cheetah fleet;
Field, and ball, and audience-hall, and battle, and banquet rare,
Horse, and arms, and generous hand, and praise of my Lord, and prayer.

QĀBŪS IBN WASHMGĪR
(*Reigned* 976–1012)
Translated by E. G. BROWNE

THE WINE OF LIFE

"WHEN I've left off carin' the way I do
For the things that's old an' the things that's new—

"For the things that's happenin' every minute
An' all the sights as the world's got in it:

"When a ship's no more than a ship to me,
An' there's nowheres left as I want to see:

"When the fun's all flat, an' the jokes all stale,
An' there ain't no taste in the cakes an' the ale,

"You can stitch me up as soon as you like
In a corner o' wore-out sail," said Mike,

"With 'olystones at my 'eels and 'ead,
An' dollop me overboard. . . . I'll be dead!"

C. FOX SMITH

OH, SWEET CONTENT!

Oh, sweet content, that turns the labourer's sweat
To tears of joy, and shines the roughest face;
How often have I sought you high and low,
And found you still in some lone quiet place;

Here, in my room, when full of happy dreams,
With no life heard beyond that merry sound
Of moths that on my lighted ceiling kiss
Their shadows as they dance and dance around;

Or in a garden, on a summer's night,
When I have seen the dark and solemn air
Blink with the blind bats' wings, and heaven's bright face
Twitch with the stars that shine in thousands there.

W. H. DAVIES

PRETTY FUTILITY

Pretty Futility
Always declares
There's nothing so good
As a basket of pears,

Nothing so tranquil,
Nothing so sweet,
As eating ripe pears
In the quiet of heat.

She straightens her ruffles,
She smiles as she swings,
And when she has eaten
Futility sings.

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

NON DOLET

Our friends go with us as we go
Down the long path where Beauty wends,
Where all we love forgathers, so
Why should we fear to join our friends?

Who would survive them to outlast
His children; to outwear his fame—
Left when the Triumph has gone past—
To win from Age, not Time, a name?

Then do not shudder at the knife
That Death's indifferent hand drives home;
But with the Strivers leave the Strife,
Nor, after Cæsar, skulk in Rome.

OLIVER ST. J. GOGARTY

LITTLE THINGS

There's nothing very beautiful and nothing very gay
About the rush of faces in the town by day;
But a light tan cow in a pale green mead,
That is very beautiful, beautiful indeed. . . .

And the soft March wind and the low March mist
Are better than kisses in a dark street kissed. . . .
The fragrance of the forest when it wakes at dawn,
The fragrance of a trim green village lawn,
The hearing of the murmur of the rain at play—
These things are beautiful, beautiful as day!
And I shan't stand waiting for love or scorn
When the feast is laid for a day new-born. . . .
Oh, better let the little things I loved when little
Return when the heart finds the great things brittle;
And better is a temple made of bark and thong
Than a tall stone temple that may stand too long.

ORRICK JOHNS

HE DOES NOT DIE

He does not die that can bequeath
Some influence to the land he knows,
Or dares, persistent, interwreathe,
Love permanent with the wild hedgerows;
  He does not die, but still remains
  Substantiate with his darling plains.

The spring's superb adventure calls
His dust athwart the woods to flame;
His boundary river's secret falls
Perpetuate and repeat his name.
  He rides his loud October sky:
  He does not die. He does not die.

The beeches know the accustomed head
Which loved them, and a peopled air
Beneath their benediction spread
Comforts the silence everywhere;
  For native ghosts return and these
  Perfect the mystery in the trees.

So, therefore, though myself be crosst
The shuddering of that dreadful day
When friend and fire and home are lost
And even children drawn away—
The passer-by shall hear me still,
A boy that sings on Duncton Hill.

H. BELLOC

A SAXON SONG

Tools with the comely names,
Mattock and scythe and spade,
Couth and bitter as flames,
Clean, and bowed in the blade,—
A man and his tools make a man and his trade.

Breadth of the English shires,
Hummock and kame and mead,
Tang of the reeking byres,
Land of the English breed,—
A man and his land make a man and his creed.

Leisurely flocks and herds,
Cool-eyed cattle that come
Mildly to wonted words,
Swine that in orchards roam,—
A man and his beasts make a man and his home.

Children sturdy and flaxen
Shouting in brotherly strife,
Like the land they are Saxon,
Sons of a man and his wife,—
For a man and his loves makes a man and his life.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

WISDOM

When Wisdom tells me that the world's a speck
Lost on the shoreless blue of God's To-Day. . . .
I smile and think, " For every man his way :
The world's my ship, and I'm alone on deck ! "

And when he tells me that the world's a spark
Lit in the whistling gloom of God's To-Night. . . .
I look within me to the edge of dark,
And dream, " The world's my field, and I'm the lark,
Alone with upward song, alone with light ! "

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

SOME SATISFACTION

My candle burns at both ends ;
It will not last the night ;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light !

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

THEOLOGY

THE CREATION

(A Negro Sermon)

And God stepped out on space,
And He looked around and said,
"*I'm lonely—*
I'll make me a world."

And far as the eye of God could see
Darkness covered everything,
Blacker than a hundred midnights
Down in a cypress swamp.

The God smiled,
And the light broke,
And the darkness rolled up on one side,
And the light stood shining on the other,
And God said, "*That's good!*"

Then God reached out and took the light in His hands,
And God rolled the light around in His hands,
Until He made the sun;
And He set that sun a-blazing in the heavens.
And the light that was left from making the sun
God gathered up in a shining ball
And flung against the darkness,
Spangling the night with the moon and stars.
Then down between
The darkness and the light
He hurled the world;
And God said, "*That's good!*"

Then God himself stepped down—
And the sun was on His right hand,
And the moon was on His left;
The stars were clustered about His head,

And the earth was under His feet.
And God walked, and where He trod
His footsteps hollowed the valleys out
And bulged the mountains up.

Then He stopped and looked and saw
That the earth was hot and barren.
So God stepped over to the edge of the world
And He spat out the seven seas;
He batted His eyes, and the lightnings flashed;
He clapped His hands, and the thunders rolled;
And the waters above the earth came down,
The cooling waters came down.

Then the green grass sprouted,
And the little red flowers blossomed,
The pine-tree pointed his finger to the sky,
And the oak spread out his arms;
The lakes cuddled down in the hollows of the ground
And the rivers ran down to the sea;
And God smiled again,
And the rainbow appeared,
And curled itself around His shoulder.

Then God raised His arm and He waved His hand
Over the sea and over the land,
And He said, "*Bring forth! Bring forth!*"
And quicker than God could drop His hand,
Fishes and fowls
And beasts and birds
Swam the rivers and the seas,
Roamed the forests and the woods,
And split the air with their wings,
And God said, "*That's good!*"

Then God walked around
And God looked around
On all that He had made.
He looked at His sun,
And He looked at His moon,
And He looked at His little stars;
He looked on His world
With all its living things,
And God said, "*I'm lonely still.*"

Then God sat down
On the side of a hill where He could think;
By a deep, wide river He sat down;
With His head in His hands,
God thought and thought,
Till He thought, "*I'll make me a man!*"

Up from the bed of the river
God scooped the clay;
And by the bank of the river
He kneeled Him down;
And there the great God Almighty,
Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky,
Who flung the stars to the most far corner of the night,
Who rounded the earth in the middle of His hand—
This Great God,
Like a mammy bending over her baby,
Kneeled down in the dust
Toiling over a lump of clay
Till He shaped it in His own image;
Then into it He blew the breath of life,
And man became a living soul.
Amen. Amen.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

ENOUGH

"You toil in your attic the whole day long
For pitiful fire and bread,
But the joy in your heart slips out in a song"—
"I can see the sky," she said.

"Pain is your comrade and want your guest,
They sit by your board and bed,
But you laugh at your work with a child's gay zest"—
"There are birds on the roof," she said.

"Never a lover is yours to kiss,
Never a child to tend,
But your eyes are alight with a secret bliss"—
"God," she said, "is my friend."

ROSE FYLEMAN

A SERVICE OF SONG

Some keep the Sabbath going to church;
I keep it staying at home,
With a bobolink for a chorister,
And an orchard for a dome.

Some keep the Sabbath in surplice;
I just wear my wings,
And instead of tolling the bell for church,
Our little sexton sings.

God preaches,—a noted clergyman,—
And the sermon is never long;
So instead of getting to heaven at last,
I'm going all along!

EMILY DICKINSON

THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER

IN PRAISE OF COMMON THINGS

For stock and stone ;
For grass, and pool ; for quince tree blown
A virginal white in spring ;
And for the wall beside,
Gray, gentle, wide ;
For roof, loaf, everything,
I praise Thee, Lord ;
For toil, and ache, and strife,
And all the commonness of life.

Hearty, yet dim,
Like country voices in a hymn,
The things a house can hold ;
The memories in the air ;
And down the stair
Fond footsteps known of old ;
The chair, the book or two ;
The little bowl of white and blue.

What would it be,
If loveliness were far from me ?
A staff I could not take,
To hurry up and down,
From field to town ;
Needs would my wild heart break ;
Or, I would vacant go,
And, being naught, to nothing grow.

This is the best :
My little road from east to west,
The breadth of a man's hand,
Not from the sky too far,
Nor any star,
Runs through the unwalled land ;
From common things that be,
Is but a step to run to Thee.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

GOD OF THE OPEN AIR

THESE are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveller's load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice, and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.
These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadows of cloud that swiftly pass,
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth,—
And best of all, along the way, friendship and mirth.
So let me keep
These treasures of the humble heart
In true possession, owning them by love;
And when at last I can no longer move
Among them freely, but must part
From the green fields and from the waters clear,
Let me not creep
Into some darkened room and hide
From all that makes the world so bright and dear;

But throw the windows wide
To welcome in the light;
And while I clasp a well-belovèd hand,
Let me once more have sight
Of the deep sky and the far-smiling land,—
Then gently fall on sleep,
And breathe my body back to Nature's care,
My spirit out to thee, God of the open air.

HENRY VAN DYKE

A PRAYER

This gloomy northern day,
Or this yet gloomier night,
Has moved a something high
In my cold heart; and I,
That do not often pray,
Would pray to-night.

And first on thee I call
For bread, O God of might!
Enough of bread for all—
That through the famished town
Cold hunger may lie down
With none to-night.

I pray for hope no less,
Strong-sinewed hope, O Lord,
That to the struggling young
May preach with brazen tongue
Stout Labour, high success,
And bright reward.

And last, O Lord, I pray
For hearts resigned and bold
To trudge the dusty way—
Hearts stored with song and joke
And warmer than a cloak
Against the cold.

If nothing else he had,
He who has this, has all.
This comforts under pain;
This, through the stinging rain,
Keeps ragamuffin glad
Behind the wall.

This makes the sanded inn
A palace for a Prince,
And this, when griefs begin
And cruel fate annoys,
Can bring to mind the joys
Of ages since.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

PRAYER

God, though this life is but a wraith,
Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith,
Give me the heart to fight—and lose.

Ever insurgent let me be,
Make me more daring than devout;
From sleek contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my eyes to visions girt
With beauty, and with wonder lit—
But let me always see the dirt,
And all that spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music; let
Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums—
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half-done,
Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride.
And when, at last, the fight is won,
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE BLIND SAILOR

"STRIKE me blind!" we swore.
God, and I was stricken!
I have seen the morning fade
And noonday thicken.

Be merciful, O God, that I have named in vain.
I am blind in the eyes; but spare the gleam in my brain.
Though my footsteps falter, let my soul still sight
The things that were my life before you hid the light.

Little things were they, Lord, too small to be denied:
The green of roadstead waters, where the tired ships ride,
Bark and brig and barkentine, blown from near and far,
Safe inside the spouting reef and the sobbing bar.

Leave to me my pictures, Lord, leave my memories bright :
The twisted palms are clashing, and the sand is white.
The shore-boats crowd around us, the skipper's gig is manned,
The nutmegs spice the little wind that baffles off the land.

The negro girls are singing in the fields of cane,
The lizards dart on that white path I'll not walk again,
The opal blinds melt up at dawn, the crimson blinds flare down,
And white against the mountains flash the street-lamps of the town.

Leave to me my pictures, Lord, spare my mind to see
The shimmer of the water and the shadow of the tree,
The cables roaring down, the grey sails swiftly furled,
A riding-light ablink in some far corner of the world.

Leave to me my pictures, Lord : the islands and the main,
The little things a sailorman must out to see again ;
The beggars in the market-place, the oxen in the streets,
The bitter, black tobacco and the women selling sweets.

I have fed my vision, Lord ; now I pray to hold
The blue and gray and silver, the green and brown and gold.
I have filled my heart, Lord ; now I pray to keep
The laughter and the colour through this unlifting sleep.

" Strike me blind ! " we swore.
God, and I am blind !
But leave me still, O Lord,
The pictures in my mind !

THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

LET ME LIVE OUT MY YEARS

Let me live out my years in heat of blood!
Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine!
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud
Go toppling to the dust—a vacant shrine.

Let me go quickly, like a candle light
Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow.
Give me high noon—and let it then be night!
Thus would I go.

And grant that when I face the grisly Thing,
My song may trumpet down the gray Perhaps.
Let me be as a tune-swept fiddlestring
That feels the Master Melody—and snaps!

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

THE WORD

My friend, my bonny friend, when we are old,
And hand in hand go tottering down the hill,
May we be rich in love's refinèd gold,
May love's gold coin be current with us still.

May love be sweeter for the vanished days,
And your most perfect beauty still as dear
As when your troubled singer stood at gaze
In the dear March of a most sacred year.

May what we are be all we might have been,
And that potential, perfect, O my friend,
And may there still be many sheafs to glean
In our love's acre, comrade, till the end.

And may we find when ended is the page
Death but a tavern on our pilgrimage.

JOHN MASEFIELD

A CHOSEN SAINT

"St. Tobias and the Angel Rafael."

SAINTS live in paint
In old Trafalgar Square:
The nicest Saint
Of any of them there,
Most radiant and most rare,
Is no austere Elias
All steadfastness and care,
But little St. Tobias—
A youth of joyant air.

Mark what befell
Upon a pearl-winged prime—
Great Rafael,
Though Heaven's harps did chime
A rhapsody sublime,
Forsook the choir most pious
By vale and hill to climb
With little St. Tobias
All in the summer-time.

A little dog
Walked out that day with These,
Round eyes agog
For butterflies and bees,
Wet nose for smells that please;
A puppy dog, as spry as
A daisy in a dell,
That danced about Tobias
And eke tall Rafael;

They walked along
  Till meads were dark with dew;
The lark's high song,
  The speedwell's lowly blue
  Made music fair and true;
No questions that defy us,
  Nor problems we pursue,
I think that day Tobias
  Or e'en the Angel knew.

Deep glowing still
  The pigments do portray
River and hill,
  And those who passed that day
  So gracious and so gay.
Lest sterner saints decry us,
  Now grant it that we may
Have little St. Tobias
  About us on the way!

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

THE LAST CHANCE

WITHIN the streams, Pausanias saith,
  That down Cocytus valley flow,
Girdling the grey domain of Death,
  The spectral fishes come and go;
The ghosts of trout flit to and fro.
  Persephone, fulfil my wish;
And grant that in the shades below
  My ghost may land the ghosts of fish.

ANDREW LANG

PERSISTENCE

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And in a Winding sheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

OMAR KHAYYÁM
Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE

MORNING

If all of us were doomed to die
when we had lived a minute,
I think I know what Ann and I
would wish to happen in it.

We'd let our sixty seconds run
where chestnut-blossom hardens,
some early morning, at Kensington,
when spring is in the Gardens.

HUMBERT WOLFE

THE ROAD TO ROUNDABOUT

Some say that Guy of Warwick,
The man that killed the Cow
And brake the mighty Boar alive
Beyond the Bridge at Slough,
Went up against a Loathly Worm
That wasted all the Downs,
And so the roads they twist and squirm
(If I may be allowed the term)
From the writhing of the stricken Worm
That died in seven towns.
I see no scientific proof
That this idea is sound,
And I should say they wound about
To find the town of Roundabout,
The merry town of Roundabout,
That makes the world go round.

Some say that Robin Goodfellow,
Whose lantern lights the meads
(To steal a phrase Sir Walter Scott
In heaven no longer needs),
Such dance around the trysting-place
The moonstruck lover leads ;
Which superstition I should scout
There is more faith in honest doubt
(As Tennyson has pointed out)
Than in those nasty creeds.
But peace and righteousness (St. John)
In Roundabout can kiss,
And since that's all that's found about
The pleasant town of Roundabout,
The roads they simply bound about
To find out where it is.

Some say that when Sir Lancelot
Went forth to find the Grail,
Grey Merlin wrinkled up the roads
For hope that he should fail;
All roads led back to Lyonesse
And Camelot in the Vale,
I cannot yield assent to this
Extravagant hypothesis,
The plain, shrewd Briton will dismiss
Such rumours (*Daily Mail*).
  But in the streets of Roundabout
  Are no such factions found,
  Or theories to expound about,
  Or roll upon the ground about,
  In the happy town of Roundabout,
  That makes the world go round.

G. K. CHESTERTON

VIVÉROLS

Beyond the sea, I know not where,
  There is a town called Vivérols;
I know not if 'tis near or far,
I know not what its features are,
  I only know 'tis Vivérols.

I know not if its ancient walls
  By vine and moss be overgrown;
I know not if the night-owl calls
  From feudal battlements of stone,
  Inhabited by him alone.

I know not if mid meadow-lands
Knee-deep in corn stands Vivérols ;
I know not if prosperity
Has robbed its life of poesy ;
That could not be in Vivérols,
They would not call it Vivérols.

Perchance upon its terraced heights
The grapes grow purple in the sun ;
Or down its wild untrodden crags,
Its broken cliffs and frost-bit jags,
The mountain brooks unfettered run.

I cannot fancy Vivérols
A place of gaudy pomp and show,
A " Grand Etablissement des Eaux "
Where to restore their withered lives
The roués of the city go.

Not yet a place where Poverty
No ray of happiness lets in ;
Where wanders hopeless beggary
Mid scenes of sorrow, want, and sin.
That could not be in Vivérols ;
There's life and cheer in Vivérols !

Perchance among the clouds it lies,
Mid vapours out from Dreamland blown ;
Built up from vague remembrances,
That never yet had form in stone,—
Its castles built of cloud alone.

I only know, should thou and I
Through its old walls of crumbling stone
Together wander all alone,

No spot on earth could be more fair
  Than ivy-covered Vivérols !
No grass be greener anywhere,
No bluer sky nor softer air
  Than we should find in Vivérols.

Love, we may wander far or near,
  The sun shines bright o'er Vivérols ;
Green is the grass, the skies are clear ;
No clouds obscure our pathway, dear :
  Where love is, there is Vivérols,—
  There is no other Vivérols.

DAVID STARR JORDAN

ONCE UPON A TIME

Before the stars were numbered,
  My proud Halcyone,
We lived our gipsy life beside
  A burning Eastern Sea,
With fisherfolk and sailorfolk
  As happy as could be.

And I, your dark-haired lover,
  Would sail at break of day,
To dive for clustered shell-fish
  Beneath the shimmering bay,
And pearls and purples to adorn
  Princesses far away.

And you would speak with strangers,
  Sweet-tongued Halcyone,
With solemn Syrian merchants,
  And Greeks from oversea,
And travellers with golden tales
  And eyes of mystery.

Then would we entertain them
With simple island fare
And barter all my long day's toil
For coloured earthenware,
And one great gleaming ruby
To smoulder in your hair.

And they would praise your beauty
With grave and courtly speech,
Smile in their beards and leave us
Like children, each to each,
Whose love held more of wisdom
Than all their lore could teach.

P. H. B. LYON

IF I SHOULD EVER BY CHANCE

If I should ever by chance grow rich
I'll buy Codham, Cockridden, and Childerditch,
Roses, Pyrgo, and Lapwater,
And let them all to my elder daughter.
The rent I shall ask of her will be only
Each year's first violets, white and lonely,
The first primroses and orchises—
She must find them before I do, that is.
But if she finds a blossom on furze
Without rent they shall all for ever be hers,
Codham, Cockridden, and Childerditch,
Roses, Pyrgo, and Lapwater,—
I shall give them all to my elder daughter.

EDWARD THOMAS

TO THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE HIM

How shall I know, unless I go
To Cairo and Cathay,
Whether or not this blessed spot
Is blest in every way?

Now it may be, the flower for me
Is this beneath my nose;
How shall I tell, unless I smell
The Carthaginian rose?

The fabric of my faithful love
No power shall dim or ravel
Whilst I stay here,—but oh, my dear,
If I should ever travel!

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

THE COUNTY MAYO

Now with the coming in of the spring the days will stretch a bit,
And after the Feast of Brigid I shall hoist my flag and go,
For since the thought got into my head I can neither stand nor sit
Until I find myself in the middle of the County of Mayo.

In Claremorris I would stop a night and sleep with decent men,
And then go on to Balla just beyond and drink galore,
And next to Kiltimagh for a visit of about a month, and then
I would only be a couple of miles away from Ballymore.

I say and swear my heart lifts up like the lifting of a tide,
Rising up like the rising wind till fog or mist must go,
When I remember Carra and Gallen close beside,
And the Gap of the Two Bushes, and the wide plains of Mayo.

To Killaden then, to the place where everything grows that is best,
There are raspberries there and strawberries there and all that is good for men;
And if I were only there in the middle of my folk my heart could rest,
For age itself would leave me there and I'd be young again.

JAMES STEPHENS
(From the Irish of Raftery)

MAGIC

Had I the drops of Paravid,
The hairs of Garraveen,
Had I the Lily of the Sea,
What should I choose to give to thee,
O thou, the Might-Have-Been?

I should not weave my spells afar
In magic gifts for thee,
Nor give thee wealth, nor rare delight
Of perfect earthly day and night—
Nor immortality . . .

I would enchant thy sterile heart,
O thou, beloved of me,
That thou, by touch of this poor hand,
The things unknown should understand,
The things unseen should see.

VERA WHEATLEY

AN INVITATION

If I should get to Paradise
(And some one says she thinks I may),
I know what joys I would devise
To pass the hours of endless day:

With fingers no more stiff as cranks
That stumble soon as they begin,
I'd play, with Michael, César Franck's
Sonata for the violin.

And you perhaps will join as well—
When heavenly duties leave them free—
With Michael, Raphael, Gabriel,
And play Schumann's quintet with me.

And if—supposing that in heaven
Such things could be—we tire at last,
We'll hear "die Zauberflöte," given
By angels with an all-star cast.

These are the joys I hope will be
Allowed us after our new birth:
Of course improved considerably,
But very much like those of earth.

E. KEPPEL BENNETT

IF YOU CAME TO HEAVEN . . .

If you came to Heaven
And I was not there,
You would patiently sit down
(Heeding not the angels' frown)
On the outer stair,
Where you still might watch the gate,
Saying, "I will wait."

And when still I came not
You would rise and go
(Turning never once your eyes
Back to vanishing Paradise)
Neither fast nor slow,
With the smile I know so well,
Steadfast, into hell.

And with head uplifted,
Walking very straight,
You would come where I should sit
In the middling-sinners' pit
All disconsolate,
And would swiftly fold me there
In your gentle care.

Saying, " But how came I
Carelessly to make
(Were you very lonely, dear,
While you sat and waited here ?)
Such a strange mistake ?
Tell me that I am forgiven ;
This, of course, is Heaven."

ROSE FYLEMAN

FRIENDS

TWILIGHT

TWILIGHT it is, and the far woods are dim, and the rooks cry and call.
Down in the valley the lamps, and the mist, and a star over all,
There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone at an end,
Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my friend.

I think of the friends who are dead, who were dear long ago in the past,
Beautiful friends who are dead, though I know that death cannot last;
Friends with the beautiful eyes that the dust has defiled,
Beautiful souls who were gentle when I was a child.

JOHN MASEFIELD

TO MARCUS

You have been far, and I
Been farther yet,
Since last, in foul or fair
An impecunious pair,
Below this northern sky
Of ours, we met.

Now winter nights shall see
Again, us two
While howls the tempest higher
Sit warmly by the fire
And dream and plan, as we
Were wont to do.

And, hand in hand, at large
Our thoughts shall walk
While storm and gusty rain
Again and yet again,
Shall drive their noisy charge
Across the talk.

The pleasant future still
Shall smile to me
And hope with wooing hands
Wave on to fairy lands
All over dale and hill
And earth and sea.

And you who doubt the sky
And fear the sun—
You—*Christian* with the pack—
You shall not wander back
For I am *Hopeful*—I
Will cheer you on.

Come—where the great have trod,
The great shall lead—
Come, elbow through the press,
Pluck Fortune by the dress—
By God, we must—by God,
We shall succeed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

BEING HER FRIEND

Being her friend, I do not care, not I,
How gods or men may wrong me, beat me down;
Her word's sufficient star to travel by,
I count her quiet praise sufficient crown.

Being her friend, I do not covet gold,
Save for a royal gift to give her pleasure;
To sit with her, and have her hand to hold,
Is wealth, I think, surpassing minted treasure.

Being her friend, I only covet art,
A white pure flame to search me as I trace
In crooked letters from a throbbing heart,
The hymn to beauty written on her face.

JOHN MASEFIELD

FRIENDS

Now must I these three praise—
Three women that have wrought
What joy is in my days ;
One that no passing thought,
Nor those unpassing cares,
No, not in these fifteen
Many times troubled years,
Could ever come between
Heart and delighted heart ;
And one because her hand
Had strength that could unbind
What none can understand,
What none can have and thrive,
Youth's dreamy load, till she
So changed me that I live
Labouring in ecstasy.
And what of her that took
All till my youth was gone
With scarce a pitying look ?
How should I praise that one ?
When day begins to break
I count my good and bad,
Being wakeful for her sake,
Remembering what she had,
What eagle look still shows,
While up from my heart's root
So great a sweetness flows
I shake from head to foot.

W. B. YEATS

A SONG OF THE HILLS AND MY FRIEND

THERE are two things I long for,
  An exile over the sea :
The hills I sing this song for
  In the old land over the sea,
The lad I bring this song for,
  The lad who once loved me.

There are two things through all life's ills
  A man must love to the end,
The great hills, the straight hills,
  And the oldest, dearest friend.

  I weary me
  O' the sound o' the sea
And all her white waves' buffetings,
Her triumphings,
Her loud unsilenceable trumpets of proud foam,
  I want the hills, my home ;
I do not want these broad sweet southern streams
Bright as some dearest vision of deep dreams,
These midnights where th' Antarctic saltier gleams,
  This rich red loam.
In all the pinnacled splendour of the town,
The traffic-battle raging up and down,
  I find no joy,
Nor tower nor street, nor park nor glittering dome,—
  I want the hills, my home—
Nor in the new gay faces without end,
For him I want to see that was my friend
  When I was a boy.

In the white first days of the earth
When the mists of the morning began
Before the beginning of man
In the uttermost extreme land
Before the beginning of birth,
The great hills statelily stand.

Then men to the valleys come,
  They look to the earth, they die,
They speak, they fade, they are dumb ;
  The great hills point to the sky.

Yet there is sorrow always, not joy in the hills,
  The hills are sad.
Strange men who come to see the hills,
  Strange men, are glad ;
The men who live among the hills
  And die are sad.

The hills are great, they are gray,
  This is the gift they send,
To love in the oldest, greatest way
  The man one has for a friend.

He knew but little of life's dark ills,
  A mountain lad,
Sometimes I scarce would love my hills
  For the love to him I had.

Then pounced the cruel fever pale
  Upon his years nineteen,
The comeliest lad that Ennerdale
  I think had ever seen.

The sun was sinking in the sky,
The night came on, the hours fled by,
Swift to the end;
On the frowning Sty by the Gable high
I laid my friend.

Maybe it never were worth to weep
For one day things may mend
And after the great gray sleep
Glad waking come at the end,
If His word the good Lord keep
Whom Father God did send:
I did not know, I had to weep
Because I lost my friend.

The hills they hold all manner of ills;
Though I shall always love the hills,
God knows they are not glad.
The men who live and die among the hills
Are sad.

* * * * *

In the hills the good Lord too,
My Other Friend,
Found birth and death i' the hills,
And loved them to the end.

On the hill of Bethlehém
The good Lord came.

From a mountain huge and bare
Beat about by the cold wild air,
He saw the wide world spread around;
Satan said, "Now to the ground
Before me fall,
And I give you all."

The good Lord wrestled awhile in prayer,
Ere the white winds swept His fears away.
He said to the Tempter, Nay;
And stayed upon the mountain there.

On a green hill to a crowd
The good Lord spoke aloud
And said full many a noble word,—
The world their like hath never heard
Before, beside—
On the green hillside.

On a hill deep dewed
He fed the multitude.

To a lakeside hill
They brought Him all the ill
And that were miseral,
He healed them all.

On a hill, men say,
A hill most high
I' the blue of the sky,
The Christ's Face shone more glorious than the sun
When his most glorious work is done
I' the heat of the day.
In His bright face
Like a shining star
When the cold nights are
God's Love had place,
The which transfigureth
Death, even death.

On a dark hill
The traitor did Him ill.

On a gray hill at last
His enemies
After that shining life of His
Carried Him past
All worldly ill,
Calvary Hill.

* * * * *

No man can tell what hour a Voice
Will hush his low last breath,
Nor make him any choice
Mid the devious ways of death,
Nor surely know if a place beyond
Friends re-establisheth ;
Yet since on a hill God lost His Son
Where too my friend lost I,
Since there they twain great sorrows were done—
My human sorrow, and the Greatest One
The world has seen since Time begun—
My grief and God's Most High,
Then perhaps such pity will come to God,
So great love He will show
That I meet my friend in the hills of God.
Perhaps. I pray Him so.

GEOFFREY DENNIS

THE TWO FRIENDS

I HAVE two friends—two glorious friends—two better could not be,
And every night when midnight tolls they meet to laugh with me.

The first was shot by Carlist thieves—ten years ago in Spain,
The second drowned near Alicante—while I alive remain.

I love to see their dim white forms come floating
through the night,
And grieve to see them fade away in early morning
light.

The first with gnomes in the Under Land is leading
a lordly life,
The second has married a mermaiden, a beautiful
water-wife.

And since I have friends in the Earth and Sea—with
a few, I trust, on high,
'Tis a matter of small account to me—the way that I
may die.

For whether I sink in the foaming flood, or swing on
the triple tree,
Or die in my bed, as a Christian should, is all the
same to me.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

TOGETHER

SPLASHING along the boggy woods all day,
And over brambled hedge and holding clay,
I shall not think of him :
But when the watery fields grow brown and dim,
And hounds have lost their fox, and horses tire,
I know that he'll be with me on my way
Home through the darkness to the evening fire.

He's jumped each stile along the glistening lanes ;
His hand will be upon the mud-soaked reins ;

Hearing the saddle creak,
He'll wonder if the frost will come next week.
I shall forget him in the morning light;
And while we gallop on he will not speak:
But at the stable-door he'll say good-night.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

ACCORDING TO COCKER

Some talk of retrievers,
Or hounds like old Belvoirs',
Make puppies receivers
For sentiment vain,
Name dandies (close lockers),
Love lurchers (law-mockers),—
But give me the Cockers
Again and again!

. . . . .

The leaf's getting golder,
Stroll out, gun on shoulder,
Down hedgerows a-smoulder
With berries a-new;
For steady employment,
For dash and enjoyment,
A Cocker's the boy meant
To come with you, too!

He'll frisk like a kitten,
He'll flash and he'll flit on,
But work like a Briton,
Through thickest of thorn;
He's little and dandy,
He's tireless and handy,
And kinder than candy
And merry as morn!

And never mind whether
'Tis fur or 'tis feather,
On stubble or heather,
Or water or land,
A kill—he'll retrieve it,
A runner—you leave it
To him,—you'll receive it
Brought gaily " to hand " !

What brain could be brighter ?
Whose manners politer ?
What trouble's not righter,
His paw on your knee ?
And, big dogs and small dogs,
And short dogs and tall dogs,
A Cocker of all dogs,
A Cocker for me !

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

TO BARRY

(A Sealyham)

I HEARD the guggle and the tiny twitter
Of five fat atoms feeding as one whole,
And stooped and picked you, mewling, from the litter,
A thing no bigger than a penny roll ;
But still possessed of a discerning soul !

For as I held you, small, and soft, and squirming,
I knew you to be knowledgeable, when
You licked my chin with puppy tongue, confirming
That you had recognized me—even then—
As the most wise, the very best of men !

I never wanted you to make a winner
(Your show bench slave were luckier far deceased !)
Fate shaped you just for friend and fellow-sinner—
A tough, hard-bitten, happy little beast,
As ready at a fight as at a feast.

Short legged you go, broad brow'd and wiry coated,
Founts of affection in your limpid eyes,
Quick as a bolt—as many a buck rat's noted
In the brief instant ere the varmint dies,
And you invite applause with stern that plies!

And, if in cover (busy as a beaver),
Yip-yap, you say, and out the rabbit slips,—
Drops to the Gun,—who straight must act retriever,
Woe worth his game if once you get to grips,—
Fur fairly pulped, or Feather chewed to strips,—

What then? *your* sires were never silk-mouthed gentles
To lift a partridge e'er so eggshell light,
You come, my boy, from Cymric detrimentals,
Tough customers in cairn, or earth, or fight,
Who never barked when there was chance to bite!

But best I love you as the fellow-creature,
The small, white shadow instant at my heels,
The firelit hearthrug's most outstanding feature,
For suasive paw and melting eye at meals,
And half a hundred other heart appeals.

Long may you live to cock your "stumpie tailie"
And end the tabbies' nightly Eisteddfod,
And long leagues yet may your white paws go gaily,
And leap responsive to my lightest nod—
The only thing that e'er made me a god!

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

TO MY DOG

My dear, when I leave you
I always drop a bit of me—
A holy glove or sainted shoe—
Your wistful corse I leave it to,

For all your soul has gone to see
How I could have the stony heart
So to abandon you.

My dear, when you leave me
You drop no glove, no sainted shoe ;
And yet you know that humans be
Mere blocks of dull monstrosity
Whose spirits cannot follow you
When you're away, with all their hearts
As yours can follow me.

My dear, since we must leave
(One sorry day) I you, you me ;
I'll learn your wistful way to grieve ;
Then through the ages we'll retrieve
Each other's scent and company ;
And longing shall not pull my heart—
As now you pull my sleeve !

JOHN GALSWORTHY

THE CAT

Pleasures, that I most enviously sense,
Pass in long ripples down her flanks and stir
The plume that is her tail. She deigns to purr
And take caresses. But her paws would tense
To flashing weapons at the least offence.
Humbly, I bend to stroke her silken fur.
I am content to be a slave to her.
I am enchanted by her insolence.

No one of all the women I have known
Has been so beautiful, or proud, or wise
As this Angora with her amber eyes.
She makes her chosen cushion seem a throne,
And wears the same voluptuous, slow smile
She wore when she was worshipped by the Nile.

WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS

THE OLD DAYS

LITTLE COW HAY

Stephen Culpepper
  Of Little Cow Hay
Farmed four hundred acres—
  As Audit-book say ;
An' he rode on a flea-bitten
  Fiddle-faced grey.

There's the house, in the hollow,
  With gable an' eave,
But they've altered it so
  That you wouldn't believe :
Wouldn't know the old place
  If he saw it—Old Steve.

His dads an' his grandads
  Had lived there before—
Born, married an' died there—
  At least half a score :
Big men the Culpeppers—
  As high as the door !

His wife was a Makepeace—
  An' none likelier,
For she'd five thousand pounds
  When he married o' her ;
An' a grey eye as kindly
  As grey lavender.

He'd sweetest o' roses,
  He'd soundest o' wheat ;
Six sons—an' a daughter
  To make 'em complete,
An' he always said Grace
  When they sat down to meat.

He'd the Blessin' o' Heaven
  On barnyard an' byre,
For he made the best prices
  Of all in the shire ;
An' he always shook hands
  With the Parson an' Squire.

An' whether his markets
  Had downs or had ups,
He walked 'em a couple
  O' blue-mottle pups—
As clumsy as ducklings,
  As crazy as tups.

But that must be nigh
  Sixty seasons away,
When things was all diff'rent,
  D'ye see—an' to-day
There ain't no Culpeppers
  At Little Cow Hay.

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

THE OLD GAMEKEEPER

In actual years I understand
  That he is turned of sixty-seven,
His rugged face is scarred and tanned
  With all the winds and suns of heaven ;

Yet in his grizzled beard and hair,
Though time has scatterd snow in plenty,
He fronts you with a stalwart air,
As upright as a lad of twenty.

A patriarch this of gun and rod,
Of gaff and fly, of fur and feather,
Who upon fifty Twelfths has trod
With Don or Rambler through the heather;
Who as a round-eyed urchin stared
At older squires in quaint apparel,
And can recall the present laird
A novice with a single barrel.

Year in, year out, his lot is cast
In none but outdoor occupation;
Before his watchful eyes goes past
The changeless pageant of creation;
Year out, year in, the garnered sheaf,
The frost-bound earth, the April shower,
The mystery of the bursting leaf,
The nesting thrush, the budding flower.

On many a fragrant night of May,
A silent devotee of duty,
Out in the meadows till the day
He sees the moon in all her beauty.
And while the distant owlets cry,
As one aware of vulpine failings,
On pheasant coops he keeps an eye,
His back against the spinney railings.

A more romantic sentry might,
On some delightful revel chancing,
Have seen in the soft summer night
Great Pan amid his Dryads dancing:
But his calm wit would never choose
So false and pagan an *imago*,
While he is pondering that the dews
Are precious bad for his lumbago.

In days when courtesy is dim,
And speech grows less polite and plainer,
You never fail to find in him
The deference of the old retainer;
He speaks about the crops and birds,
About the weather and the stubbles,
With some apologetic words
Of stiffness and rheumatic troubles.

With here and there a humorous touch,
Of which you catch a distant inkling,
And guess that it is meant as such
Because his honest eyes are twinkling;
Then back to more professional ground,
To beats and spaniels, guns and setters,
As if herein alone he found
Fit conversation for his betters.

Yet among more familiar friends,
With nothing to suggest disparity,
Rumour reports that he unbends
To prodigies of jocularity;
Nay, when the reels and jigs begin,
At Hallowe'en or Twelfth Night party,
Upon an ancient violin
He scrapes—a self-taught Sarasate.

Exciting stories, too, he tells,
  Great feats of memory or invention,
And round the dying fire compels
  The listening harness-room's attention ;
With moving anecdotes of sport,
  Of midnight raid and poaching battle,
Or else, the more exciting sort,
  Of ghosts that walk and chains that rattle.

I wonder if we joined the crowd
  If he would pardon our intrusion,
Would he continue and be proud,
  Or would it fill him with confusion ?
I dare not risk it : I must be
  His comrade through the heather plodding,
To whom it is not given to see
  This Homer of the Gun-room nodding.

ALFRED COCHRANE

MARTIN

When I am tired of earnest men,
  Intense and keen and sharp and clever,
Pursuing fame with brush or pen
  Or counting metal discs forever,
Then from the halls of shadowland
  Beyond the trackless purple sea
Old Martin's ghost comes back to stand
  Beside my desk and talk to me.

Still on his delicate pale face
  A quizzical thin smile is showing,
His cheeks are wrinkled like fine lace,
  His kind blue eyes are gay and glowing

He wears a brilliant-hued cravat,
A suit to match his soft gray hair,
A rakish stick, a knowing hat,
A manner blithe and debonair.

How good that he who always knew
That being lovely was a duty,
Should have gold halls to wander through
And should himself inhabit beauty.
How like his old unselfish way
To leave those halls of splendid mirth
And comfort those condemned to stay
Upon the bleak and sombre earth.

Some people ask: What cruel chance
Made Martin's life so sad a story?
Martin? Why, he exhaled romance
And wore an overcoat of glory.
A fleck of sunlight in the street,
A horse, a book, a girl who smiled,—
Such visions made each moment sweet
For this receptive, ancient child.

Because it was old Martin's lot
To be, not make, a decoration,
Shall we then scorn him, having not
His genius of appreciation?
Rich joy and love he got and gave;
His heart was merry as his dress.
Pile laurel wreaths upon his grave
Who did not gain, but was, success.

JOYCE KILMER

THE POSTBOY

Let him a dim and faded claim to elegy advance,
For at the crisis of a life he shared in the romance,
Who with the post-chaise used to wait, his old roan nag astride,
Against the sign-post in the lane for bridegroom and for bride.

He knew, he guessed at, nothing—he was deaf and dumb and blind,
But he sprang his sweating leaders at the sound of wheels behind ;
He rode for love and guineas, when the chase was fierce and hot,
And he heard the angry voices, bitter oath and pistol shot.

At us, a prosier people, he peers forth a quaint grotesque,
An out-of-date conspirator, yet something picturesque,
With some faint flavour of the days, when love could do and dare,
Before the blacksmith's anvil was exchanged for Eaton Square.

So think upon him gently, for to many a wavering will
He sat, a symbol of the die cast down for good or ill ;
To many a threadbare gallant, whose devotion burned like Etna,
He pointed out the road that led to happiness and Gretna.

ALFRED COCHRANE

THE SECOND-HAND FURNITURE SHOP

In a pleasing confusion of eras of taste,
In a jumble of new and of old,
The rococo, the classic, the florid, the chaste,
They are ranged in the shop to be sold;
Yet, although but a trace of their grandeur survives,
Though they came to the hammer at last,
They were gods of the household, and part of the lives
Of the women and men of the past.

You may see the oak-chest from a Royalist line,
Where the kerchiefs in lavender lay,
And the glass-fronted bookcase of stately design
That was chiselled in Sheraton's day;
You may gaze at the modern magenta that flames
On a suite of Victorian chairs,
And the dining-room sideboard, by Gillow, that shames
All our latter-day gimcrack affairs.

Here's a table that echoes the ring of the glass,
When the port in the coaster was low,
On a rollicking night when the Marquis would pass
All the best that the cellar could show;
And perhaps in the earliest shimmer of dawn,
When the page-boy was draining the dregs,
We may picture the slumbering derelicts drawn
From between those mahogany legs.

And another still wearing the baize that it wore
When it served for piquet or quadrille,
Where her Ladyship pulled in the guineas galore,
As she punted with *pam* or *spadille*,
And the quaint old spinet that Miss Deborah played
To the ballad pathetic or blithe,
Side by side with the desk where the tribute was paid
When the Rector collected the tithe.

Nay! leave them alone with the stories they know,
Whether gathered from cottage or hall;
They are dusty and worn, and they stand in a row
While the purchasers chaffer and brawl;
And the owners that knew them are laid in the earth,
And the laughter is mixed with the tears,
For they touch the remembrance of sorrow and mirth
With a pathos of far-away years.

Who now may distinguish the settle of oak
Where the clown of the tap-room would sit,
As he cracked of an evening his primitive joke,
And the rustics applauded his wit;
From the sofa that once was in Goldsworthy Chase,
With its dingy old cushions of red,
Where my young Mistress Dorothy buried her face
When they brought back Sir Christopher dead?

Who knows or who cares? They were sold with a sigh,
When a home was dismantled and lost;
They are bought with a price, and a commonplace eye
To their merits of style or of cost.
And it is but the fanciful dreamer for whom,
While the wheels of the century stop,
Throng the ghosts in dim corridor, passage, or room
In the second-hand furniture shop.

ALFRED COCHRANE

JOHN HELPS

John Helps a wer an honest mon;
The perry that a made
Wer crunched vrom purs as honest
As ever tree displayed.

John Helps a wer an honest mon;
The dumplings that a chewed
Wer made vrom honest apples
As Autumn ever growed.

John Helps a wer an honest mon,
And I be sorry a's dead.
Perry and honest men be scarce
These days, 'tiz zed.

FREDERICK WILLIAM HARVEY

WINE

THE GRAPE

COME, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
  The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
  Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Ah, fill the Cup: what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
  Unborn TO-MORROW, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TO-DAY be sweet!

How long, how long, in infinite Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute?
  Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things end in—Yes—
  Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be—Nothing—Thou shalt not be less.

OMAR KHAYYÁM
Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD

LITTLE APPLES

When God had made the oak trees
And the beeches and the pines,
And the flowers and the grasses,
And the tendrils of the vines,
He saw that there was wanting
A something in His plan,
And He made the little apples,
The little cider apples;
The sharp, sour, cider apples,
To prove His love for man.

ANON.

CAPTAIN STRATTON'S FANCY

Oh some are fond of red wine, and some are fond of white,
And some are all for dancing by the pale moonlight;
But rum alone's the tipple, and the heart's delight
Of the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of Spanish wine, and some are fond of French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench;
But I'm for right Jamaica till I roll beneath the bench,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are for the lily, and some are for the rose,
But I am for the sugar-cane that in Jamaica grows;
For it's that that makes the bonny drink to warm my copper nose,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of fiddles, and a song well sung,
And some are all for music for to lilt upon the tongue ;
But mouths were made for tankards, and for sucking at the bung,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of dancing, and some are fond of dice,
And some are all for red lips, and pretty lasses' eyes ;
But a right Jamaica puncheon is a finer prize
To the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some that's good and godly ones they hold that it's a sin
To troll the jolly bowl around, and let the dollars spin ;
But I'm for toleration and for drinking at an inn,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are sad and wretched folk that go in silken suits,
And there's a mort of wicked rogues that live in good reputes ;
So I'm for drinking honestly, and dying in my boots,
Like an old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

JOHN MASEFIELD

A PLEA

God made Man
Frail as a bubble ;
God made Love,
Love made Trouble.
God made the Vine,
Was it a sin
That Man made Wine
To drown Trouble in ?

OLIVER HERFORD

ON THE EXCELLENCE OF BURGUNDY WINE

My jolly fat host with your face all a-grin,
Come, open the door to us, let us come in.
A score of stout fellows who think it no sin
If they toast till they're hoarse, and they drink till they spin,
Hoofed it amain,
Rain or no rain,
To crack your old jokes, and your bottles to drain.

Such a warmth in the belly that nectar begets
As soon as his guts with its humour he wets,
The miser his gold, and the student his debts,
And the beggar his rags and his hunger forgets.
For there's never a wine
Like this tipple of thine
From the great hill of Nuits to the River of Rhine.

Outside you may hear the great gusts as they go
By Foy, by Duerne, and the hills of Lerraulx,
But the rain he may rain, and the wind he may blow,
If the Devil's above there's good liquor below.
So it abound,
Pass it around,
Burgundy's Burgundy all the year round.

H. BELLOC

A VAT IN STRESA

There is a vat in Stresa dyed and steeped
In forty years of trodden grape;
In it a million dreams took shape,
From it a million loves have leaped.
Hearts have been high because of it in Cork,
Friendship has lit New York,

Grief has been softened down,
Laughter has killed a frown
In Ispahan ;
Cape Matapan
Puts on a crown
Because one lonely Englishman
Lifts up his glass there like a royal clown.

I am the vat in Stresa, I am old ;
Take me and split me up and light your fire
Out of my timber that is fine as gold ;
Aged I am and destined for the pyre.
Fling me upon your hearth and sniff the air,
Perfume and rapture, passion and a prayer.

D. L. KELLEHER

SUNLIGHT ON THE SEA

(The Philosophy of a Feast)

Make merry, comrades, eat and drink,
(The sunlight flickers on the sea)
The garlands gleam, the glasses clink,
The grape juice mantles fair and free,
The lamps are trimm'd, although the light
Of day still lingers on the sky ;
We sit between the day and night,
And push the wine flask merrily.
I see you feasting round me still,
All gay of heart and strong of limb ;
Make merry, friends, your glasses fill—
The lights are growing dim.

I miss the voice of one I've heard,
(The sunlight sinks upon the sea)
He sang as blythe as any bird,
And shook the rafters with his glee;
But times have changed with him, I wot,
By fickle fortune cross'd and flung;
Far stouter heart than mine he's got
If now he sings as then he sung,
Yet some must swim when others sink;
And some must sink when others swim;
Make merry, comrades, eat and drink—
The lights are growing dim.

I miss the face of one I've loved,
(The sunlight settles on the sea)
Long since to distant climes he roved;
He had his faults, and so have we;
His name was mentioned here this day,
And it was coupled with a sneer;
I heard, nor had I ought to say,
Though once I held his memory dear,
Who cares, 'mid wines and fruit and flowers,
Though death or danger compass him,
He had his faults, and we have ours—
The lights are growing dim.

I miss the form of one I know,
(The sunlight wanes upon the sea)
'Tis not so very long ago
We drank his health with three-times-three,
And we were gay when he was here;
And he is gone, and we are gay.
Where has he gone? or far or near?
Good sooth, 'twere somewhat hard to say.

You glance aside, you doubtless think
My homily a foolish whim;
'Twill soon be ended, eat and drink—
The lights are growing dim.

The fruit is ripe, the wine is red;
(The sunlight fades upon the sea)
To us the absent are the dead,
The dead to us must absent be.
We, too, the absent ranks must join;
And friends will censure and forget;
There's metal base in every coin;
Men vanish, leaving traces yet
Of evil, and of good behind,
Since false notes taint the skylark's hymn,
And dross still lurks in gold refined—
The lights are growing dim.

We eat or drink or e'er we die;
(The sunlight flushes on the sea)
Three hundred soldiers feasted high
An hour before Thermopylæ;
Leonidas pour'd out the wine,
And shouted ere he drain'd the cup,
"Ho! comrades, let us gaily dine—
This night with Plato we shall sup;"
And if they leant upon a reed,
And if their reed was slight and slim,
There's something good in Spartan creed—
The lights are growing dim.

Make merry, comrades, eat and drink;
(The sunlight flashes on the sea)
My spirit is rejoiced to think
That e'en as they were, so are we;

For they, like us, were mortals vain,
  The slaves to earthly passions wild,
Who slept with heaps of Persians slain
  For winding-sheets around them piled.
The dead man's deeds are living still—
  My Festive speech is somewhat grim—
Their good obliterates their ill—
  The lights are growing dim.

We eat and drink, we come and go ;
  (The sunlight dies upon the sea)
I speak in riddles. Is it so ?
  My riddles need not mar your glee ;
For I will neither bid you share
  My thoughts, nor will I bid you shun,
Though I should see in yonder chair
  Th' Egyptian's muffled skeleton.
One toast with me, your glasses fill,
  Aye, fill them level with the brim,
De mortuis, nisi bonum, nil !
  The lights are growing dim.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

RAPTURE

GOD'S WORLD

O WORLD, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
Thy mists that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with colour! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart. Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year.
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

ECSTASY

I TASTE a liquor never brewed,
From tankards scooped in pearl ;
Not all the vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an alcohol !

Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling, through endless summer days,
From inns of molten blue.

When landlords turn the drunken bee
Out of the foxglove's door,
When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more

Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
And saints to windows run,
To see the little tippler
Leaning against the sun !

EMILY DICKINSON

TREES

I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the sweet earth's flowing breast ;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray ;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair ;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain ;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

JOYCE KILMER

OH, GRAY AND TENDER IS THE RAIN

Oh, gray and tender is the rain,
That drips, drips on the pane !
A hundred things come in the door,
The scent of herbs, the thought of yore.

I see the pool out in the grass,
A bit of broken glass ;
The red flags running wet and straight,
Down to the little flapping gate.

Lombardy poplars tall and three,
Across the road I see ;
There is no loveliness so plain
As a tall poplar in the rain.

But oh, the hundred things and more,
That come in at the door !—
The smack of mint, old joy, old pain,
Caught in the gray and tender rain.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

TEWKESBURY ROAD

It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where,
Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither nor why ;

Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen cool
rush of the air,
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift
of the sky;

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern
at the brink
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the fox-
gloves purple and white;
Where the shy-eyed delicate deer troop down to the
pools to drink,
When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on
of the night.

O! to feel the warmth of the rain, and the homely smell
of the earth,
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of
words;
And the blessed green comely meadows seem all a-ripple
with mirth
At the lilt of the shifting feet, and the dear wild
cry of the birds.

JOHN MASEFIELD

CHARTLESS

I NEVER saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet now I know how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in Heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

EMILY DICKINSON

REST AND SLUMBER

FORTUNATUS NIMIUM

I HAVE lain in the sun,
I have toiled as I might,
I have thought as I would,
And now it is night.

My bed full of sleep,
My heart of content,
For friends that I met
The way that I went.

I welcome fatigue,
While frenzy and care
Like thin summer clouds
Go melting in air.

To dream as I may
And awake when I will
With the song of the birds
And the sun on the hill.

Or death—were it death—
To what should I wake
Who loved in my home
All life for its sake ?

What good have I wrought ?
I laugh to have learned
That joy cannot come
Unless it is earned.

For a happier lot
Than God giveth me
It never hath been
Nor ever shall be.

ROBERT BRIDGES

IDLENESS

THERE is no dearer lover of lost hours
Than I.
I can be idler than the idlest flowers;
More idly lie
Than noonday lilies languidly afloat,
And water pillowed in a windless moat.
And I can be
Stiller than some gray stone
That hath no motion known.
It seems to me
That my still idleness doth make my own
All magic gifts of joy's simplicity.

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL

NOD

SOFTLY along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,
Their fleeces charged with gold,
To where the sun's last beam leans low
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with briar,
From their sand the conies creep;
And all the birds that fly in heaven
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
  Yet, when night's shadows fall,
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,
  Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
  The waters of no-more-pain,
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
  " Rest, rest, and rest again."

WALTER DE LA MARE

LINES FOR A BED AT KELMSCOTT MANOR

" The wind's on the wold
And the night is a-cold,
And Thames runs chill
Twixt mead and hill,
But kind and dear
Is the old house here,
And my heart is warm
Midst winter's harm.
Rest then and rest,
And think of the best
Twixt summer and spring
When all birds sing
In the town of the tree,
And ye lie in me
And scarce dare move
Lest earth and its love
Should fade away
Ere the full of the day.

I am old and have seen
Many things that have been,
Both grief and peace,
And wane and increase.
No tale I tell
Of ill or well,
But this I say,
Night treadeth on day,
And for worst and best
Right good is rest."

WILLIAM MORRIS

EVENING SHADOWS

TO THE POET GROWING OLD

CONTENT you, son of man,
  Nor hunt beyond your gate;
Keep fill'd your porridge pan,
  And ask no other fate
O' the Sacristan,
  Death, but come not too late.

If the gods grant you this,
  To work while lasts the light,
Having your true love's kiss
  For balm upon the night,
Guerdon that is
  Any man to requite.

Contentment and good health
  You had to serve your wit,
A woman sweet for wealth,
  Children to add to it:
So rich by stealth,
  You and the world were quit.

You rang your batch of rhyme,
  With love for underflow;
A time to grow, a time
  You had to make to grow;
An hour at prime;
  Soon 'twill be time to go.

What more need you to bind
  Or hoard upon a shelf ?
The gods gave you the mind
  To forage for yourself,
And seeking, find
  More ponderable pelf.

You had the uxorious eye
  Which woos the universe,
To make a marriage-tie
  For better or for worse,
Whose progeny
  Your heart receiv'd to nurse.

You held him for a clod
  Who saw not every bell
Of crocus breaking sod
  As past the tongue to tell,
Which only God
  Knew for no miracle ;

And thought him worse than dark
  Who with dull ears and eyes
Could heed the soaring lark
  Spray with clear song the skies,
Or watch to his arc
  The golden sun arise.

So past your round of days
  From morn to shut of eve
That you found much to praise
  And had some to receive :
Now few delays
  Before you take your leave !

What then? To fold the hands,
Your work-hour over and done,
Knowing you leave your lands
The better for your son,
Thankful he stands
To reap what you have won.

MAURICE HEWLETT

TRAVELLER'S REST

WHEN you are tired of the long road and the open sky,
I wish it may be my door that you're passing by:
I wish it may be my hearth where you will sit down
And tell your tales of the land and sea and the strange far town.

Oh, come you in from eastward or come you from the west,
Here's good cheer to greet you and welcome of the best:
Oh come you with your pockets full or come you home poor,
Here's a place by the fireside and an open door.

You'll tell me where you were since, and the things you've seen
Up and down the wide world where so long you've been,—
All the time that I've been here and you far away,—
And then awhile be silent, as good friends may.

And then awhile listen to the wind and rain,
Moaning in the chimney-breast, beating at the pane,—
Dark and cold outside there, and the stormy skies,
And you sitting down here with the firelight in your eyes.

C. FOX SMITH

A REVIEW

Crosses and troubles a-many have proved me.
One or two women (God bless them !) have loved me.
I have worked and dreamed, and I've talked at will.
Of art and drink I have had my fill.
I've comforted here, and I've succoured there.
I've faced my foes, and I've backed my friends.
I've blundered, and sometimes made amends.
I have prayed for light, and I've known despair.
Now I look before, as I look behind,
Come storm, come shine, whatever befall,
With a grateful heart and a constant mind,
For the end I know is the best of all.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

FAREWELL

REQUIEM

Now when the number of my years
  Is all fulfilled, and I
From sedentary life
  Shall rouse me up to die,
    Bury me low and let me lie
    Under the wide and starry sky.
    Joying to live, I joyed to die,
    Bury me low and let me lie.

Clear was my soul, my deeds were free,
  Honour was called my name,
I fell not back from fear
  Nor followed after fame.
    Bury me low and let me lie
    Under the wide and starry sky.
    Joying to live, I joyed to die,
    Bury me low and let me lie.

Bury me low in valleys green
  And where the milder breeze
Blows fresh along the stream
  Sings roundly in the trees—
    Bury me low and let me lie
    Under the wide and starry sky.
    Joying to live, I joyed to die,
    Bury me low and let me lie.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

RESIGNATION

When I am only fit to go to bed,
Or hobble out to sit within the sun,
Ring down the curtain, say the play is done,
And the last petals of the poppy shed !

I do not want to live when I am old,
I have no use for things I cannot love ;
And when the day that I am talking of
(Which God forfend !) is come, it will be cold.

But if there is another place than this,
Where all the men will greet me as " Old Man,"
And all the women wrap me in a smile,
Where money is more useless than a kiss,
And good wine is not put beneath the ban,
I will go there and stay a little while.

BLISS CARMAN

ON GOING

A grave is all too weak a thing
To hold my fancy long ;
I'll bear a blossom with the spring,
Or be a blackbird's song.

I think that I shall fade with ease,
Melt into earth like snow,
Be food for hungry, growing trees,
Or help the lilies blow.

And if my love should lonely walk,
  Quite of my nearness fain,
I may come back to her, and talk
  In liquid words of rain.

COUNTEE CULLEN

LEGACIES

Unto my friends I give my thoughts,
  Unto my God my soul,
Unto my foe I leave my love—
  These are of life the whole.

Nay, there is something—a trifle—left;
  Who shall receive this dower?
See, Earth Mother, a handful of dust—
  Turn it into a flower.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD

A PARTING GUEST

What delightful hosts are they—
    Life and Love!
Lingeringly I turn away,
    This late hour, yet glad enough
They have not withheld from me
  Their high hospitality.
So, with face lit with delight
  And all gratitude, I stay
  Yet to press their hands and say,
"Thanks.—So fine a time! Good night."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THE STIRRUP-CUP

DEATH, thou'rt a cordial old and rare :
Look how compounded, with what care
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyâm, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakespeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt :
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt ;
'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me ;
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

SIDNEY LANIER

SOURCES AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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EXCEPT in the case of three or four American poets and one Australian, with whom I have not been able to get in touch, I have to thank all the authors in this book, or their representatives, for kind permission to make it as complete a collection as it is. Their publishers have also been very sympathetic and a full list of sources is appended.

I do not pretend that these pages contain, as a whole, the best modern poetry that I could find; but they contain the best modern poetry that I could find with bearing upon my theme: the joy of life. English poets since the war have more often been grave than gay, sardonic than serene, yet I have been able to bend not a few even of the more pessimistic to my cheerful purpose. I hope that none will feel affronted when they see what has been done with them.

E. V. L.

June 12, 1927.

Since the readers of this book who have enjoyed the tastes it offers them may wish to go to the fountain head for more, I have mentioned in the subjoined list as many volumes as I could. The asterisk prefixed to the poet means that he is included in Messrs. Benn's admirable sixpenny series of selections.

The poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich will be found in his *Poetical Works* (Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). There is no English edition now in print.

* Mr. Hilaire Belloc's poems will be found in his *Verses* and *Sonnets and Verses* (Messrs. Duckworth & Co.).

I take Mr. E. Keppel Bennett's " Invitation " from *Cambridge Poets*, 1914–1920 (Messrs. Heffer & Sons, Ltd.).

* Mr. Laurence Binyon's lyric will be found in *England* (Mr. Elkin Mathews). Other volumes by this poet are *London Visions* and *The New World*.

The poetical works of the late Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt will be found in his *Collected Poems* (Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.).

* The complete *Poetical Works* of Dr. Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, are published by Mr. John Murray and Mr. Humphrey Milford.

* Rupert Brooke's work will be found in his *Collected Poems* (Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.).

The late E. G. Browne's translation of the Credo of Qābūs Ibn Washmgīr will be found in *A Persian Anthology*, published by Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.

I found the late George Washington Cable's little fantasy in *An American Anthology*, edited by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman (Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company).

" The Enchanted Traveller " and " Ships of Yule " by Bliss Carman will be found in his *Later Poems*, published by Messrs. McClelland and Stewart, Ltd., and the " Spring Song " and " Resignation " are from his *Ballads and Lyrics* published by the same firm. Acknowledgments are also due to Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company, the original publishers of the poems.

I have made my selection of Mr. Patrick R. Chalmers' poems from his *Pipes and Tabors*, *A Peck O' Maut*, *Green Days and Blue Days*, and *Away to the Maypole*, all published by Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.

* Mr. G. K. Chesterton's poem is from *Wine, Water and Song* (Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.). Other of his poetical works are to be found in his *Ballad of the White Horse* (Methuen & Co.) and *Poems* (Messrs. Burns & Oates).

I found "Pretty Futility," by Elizabeth J. Coatsworth, in *Modern American Poetry* (Mr. Jonathan Cape).

Mr. Alfred Cochrane's graceful volumes are now out of print. I have made my selection from his *Selected Verses*, and *Later Verses* (Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.), and *The Sweeper of the Leaves and other Poems* (Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.).

The quatrain "Adventure" by Adelaide Crapsey I found in *Modern American Poetry* (Mr. Jonathan Cape).

The late T. W. H. Crosland's lyric will be found in *The Collected Poems of T. W. H. Crosland* (Mr. Martin Secker).

Mr. Countee Cullen's poem will be found in *Color* (Messrs. Harper & Brothers). Mr. Cullen, I might say, is a young negro poet of very remarkable emotional quality.

I take Mr. Ernest Currie's poem from one of the Broadsheets edited by the late Sir Walter Raleigh for the comfort of the men at the Front during the war and issued by *The Times*.

* The poems of Mr. W. H. Davies, of whom one can say almost more truly than was said of Wordsworth that "Nature holds his pen," will be found in his *Collected Poems* (Mr. Jonathan Cape).

The poems of Captain Geoffrey Dennis appeared in *Oxford Poetry*, 1910–1913 (Mr. Basil Blackwell). The author has, however, made several changes in the text for this volume.

Emily Dickinson's curiously direct and searchingly simple lyrics will be found in *The Complete Poems of*

Emily Dickinson (Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.) and in an English selection published by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

* Austin Dobson's poems are from his *Poetical Works* (Mr. Humphrey Milford), and I have to thank his son, Mr. Alban Dobson, for permission to use them here.

* Mr. John Drinkwater's praises of the Midlands will be found in his *Collected Poems* (Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.).

Mrs. Mary McNeil Fenellosa's poems will be found in *Out of the Nest* (Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.).

Eugene Field's "Bibliomaniac's Prayer" will be found in his *Writings* (Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

The three short poems which I have carved out of Edward FitzGerald's English transfusion of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám, are from the version of 1859.

The work of the late J. E. Flecker is in his *Collected Poems* (Mr. Martin Secker).

The poems of Miss Rose Fyleman which I have chosen will be found in her book of verse, *A Small Cruise* (Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.). Her other volumes of fairy lyrics, which have made her so popular, are also published by Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.

Mr. John Galsworthy's poem will be found in his *Moods, Songs, and Doggerels* (Mr. William Heinemann).

Dr. Oliver Gogarty's poems are published by the Cuala Press.

Adam Lindsay Gordon's "Sunlight on the Sea" will be found in his *Complete Poems* (Messrs. Constable & Co.).

* Sir Edmund Gosse's poems are published in one volume by Messrs. Heinemann. "The Sultan of my Books," however, is by some curious inadvertence not among them. It was written for Andrew Lang's

Ballads of Books (Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.), published in 1888, and as this work has long been out of print I am the more pleased to be able to give the poem a new vogue by means of the present anthology.

* Mr. Gerald Gould's work will be found in various volumes, notably in *Lyrics*, 1906, *Poems*, 1911, *Odes and Sonnets*, 1920, and *Beauty the Pilgrim*, 1927.

Mr. Thomas Hardy's poem will be found in his *Collected Poems* (Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.).

* Mr. F. W. Harvey's poems are taken from his two books *Ducks* and *Farewell* (Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.).

W. E. Henley's principal poems are to be found in *A Book of Verses* and *Hawthorn and Lavender*, published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

The poem by Mr. Oliver Herford which I have used will be found in *Overheard in a Garden* (Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). His witty elvish work is scattered over many slender volumes, too few of which are known in England, where his *Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten* has, however, many readers.

* The beautiful lines by the late Maurice Hewlett will be found in *Flowers in the Grass* (Messrs. Constable & Co.).

Many of Mrs. Hinkson's most charming lyrics are to be found in *Cuckoo Songs* and *Innocencies*.

The poems of Mr. Daniel Holmes will be found in *Under a Fool's Cap* (Mr. Thomas B. Mosher).

The poems of Mr. Orrick Johns will be found in his *Asphalt and Other Poems* (Messrs. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.).

Mr. James Weldon Johnson's poem was taken from *Modern American Poetry* (Mr. Jonathan Cape).

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's poem will be found in *Saints in Sussex* (Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.).

Mr. D. L. Kelleher's poems will be found in his volume of verse, *A Poet Passes* (Ernest Benn, Ltd.).

I found Mr. William Kerr's cricket poem in *Georgian Poetry*, 1920–1922 (The Poetry Bookshop).

The poems of Joyce Kilmer will be found in *Trees and Other Poems* (Messrs. George H. Doran Company).

The poetical works of Charles Kingsley are published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

The poems of Mr. Kipling will be found in the volumes published by Messrs. Methuen under the titles *Barrack Room Ballads*, *The Seven Seas*, *The Five Nations*, *Departmental Ditties* and *The Years Between*. There are also the *Songs from Books*, published by Messrs. Macmillan, and an Inclusive edition of his verse, 1885–1918 (Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.). Messrs. Methuen issue a shilling selection of *Twenty Poems*.

The poem by Mr. Henry Herbert Knibbs will be found in his *Songs of the Outlands* (Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company).

Sidney Lanier's verses will be found in his *Poems* (Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

* The poems of Andrew Lang are taken from his *Poetical Works* (Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.). These are in four volumes, and they include everything by this most accomplished of writers which the editor, Mrs. Lang, wishes to preserve. I have to thank her for kindly allowing me to make a choice.

Charles Godfrey Leland's ballad will be found in *An American Anthology* (Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company).

I found Mr. A. S. Le Maitre's charming lines "To Barbara" in *Cambridge Poets*, 1914–1920 (Messrs. W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd.).

The poem by Mr. E. V. Lucas appeared in *Punch* and is here first printed in volume form.

The poems of Mr. P. H. B. Lyon will be found in his

book of verse, *Turn Fortune* (Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.).

The poems of Mr. Tom MacInnes will be found in his *Complete Poems* (The Ryerson Press, Toronto).

Mr. De la Mare's lines on " Mothers " are from his anthology for children entitled *Come Hither* (Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.), a double gift, for having read the poems there awaits you the pleasure of the editor's very characteristic notes. His poem " Nod " is from *The Listeners* (Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.).

Mr. G. D. Martineau has allowed me to choose his cricket poem from an unpublished manuscript.

I found Mr. Eric Maschwitz's " Memories " in *Cambridge Poets*, 1914–1920 (Messrs. W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd.).

The poems of Mr. John Masefield will be found in his *Collected Poems* (Mr. William Heinemann).

The lyrical work of Edna St. Vincent Millay will be found in her two volumes, *The Harp Weaver* and *Poems* (Mr. Martin Secker). Her dramatic work is published by Messrs. Harper.

The lines by Dr. Weir Mitchell on " Idleness " will be found in his *Collected Poems* (The Century Company, New York).

The poems of Mr. Christopher Morley are contained in *Chimneysmoke* (Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.), and in various volumes published in America which have no English editions.

The lines by William Morris will be found in his *Collected Works* published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.

Mr. John G. Neihardt's poems will be found in *The Quest* (The Macmillan Company, New York).

Other poems by Mr. Alfred Noyes will be found in his *Selected Verse* (Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons).

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's poem on Oxford is from *The Vigil of Venus* (Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.).

The work of Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese will be found in her *Selected Poems* (Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.).

The poems of James Whitcomb Riley are from his *Complete Works* (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis).

Mr. Theodore Goodridge Roberts' poem is taken from *Canadian Poets* (Messrs. McClelland & Stewart, Ltd., Toronto).

Mr. Walter Adolphe Roberts' poem is taken from *Best Poems of 1926* (Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York).

* Other poems by Mr. Siegfried Sassoon will be found in his *Selected Poems* (Mr. William Heinemann).

Mr. G. Forrester Scott, author of that most fascinating book of country philosophy, *Idlehurst*, has allowed me to choose poems from an unpublished manuscript.

* The poem by the late Mrs. C. K. Shorter will be found in *Madge Linsey and other Poems*, by Dora Sigerson Shorter (Messrs. Maunsel & Roberts). Acknowledgments are due to The Talbot Press, Ltd., who have taken over all the publications of that company.

The lyrics of Miss C. Fox Smith are chosen from her volumes of sea poems published by Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.

Mr. James Stephens' poems are published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

* The poems of Robert Louis Stevenson will be found in his *Collected Poems* (Messrs. Chatto & Windus). All of those which I have chosen are early examples, including a first version of the famous " Requiem " which in its briefer final form begins " Under the wide and starry sky." I have specially to thank Mr. Lloyd Osbourne for allowing me so wide a choice.

* The poems of the late Edward Thomas will be found in his *Collected Poems* (Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, Ltd.).

* " Daisy " by Francis Thompson will be found in his *Works* (Messrs. Burns & Oates).

" The Vine," by James Thomson, will be found in *The City of Dreadful Night* (Messrs. P. J. & A. E. Dobell).

Mr. Wilfrid Thorley's poems will be found in *The Londoner's Chariot* (Mr. Jonathan Cape).

Mr. Bernard Freeman Trotter's poems will be found in *A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems* (Messrs. McClelland & Stewart, Ltd., Toronto).

* W. J. Turner's lyric is taken from his book *The Hunter* (Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.). Other volumes by this poet are *Dark Fire* and *Paris and Helen.*

Mr. Louis Untermeyer's poetical work is published by Messrs. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. I found the " Prayer " in the very interesting anthology of *Modern American Poetry* which he has recently edited, and which is published in England by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

Sir William Watson's fine ode is taken from *A Hundred Poems* (Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton).

The poems of Dr. Henry Van Dyke will be found in his collected verse, published by Mr. Arthur F. Bird.

The poem by V. Sackville-West (Mrs. Harold Nicolson) which I have chosen will be found in *Orchard and Vineyard* (Messrs. John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.). It was this poet who won the Hawthornden Prize for 1927 with *The Land* (Messrs. Heinemann).

Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald's poems will be found in *The Last Robin* (The Ryerson Press, Toronto).

Mrs. Vera Wheatley's " Magic " will be found in her

volume of verse, *This, My Dreaming* (Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton).

* Mr. Humbert Wolfe's poems have been chosen from *The Unknown Goddess* (Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.) and *Kensington Gardens* (Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd.). Since then he has published *Requiem* (Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd.).

* The works of Mr. W. B. Yeats will be found in *Poems* (Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd.) and *Later Poems* (Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.).

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